

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JAS. BARNES, N. Y.
J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.
G. P. WHEELER, PA.

MANAGING EDITORS:

J. H. DUNHAM, N. J.

G. R. WALLACE, PA.

TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. Lock Box 647.

VOL. XLVI.

MARCH, 1891.

No. 8.

BRANDED.

JACK WHITE wrote a remarkably good hand. It was a smooth, running hand, with no flourishes, and the strange thing about it was that six years of work in the branding pen, roping and hard riding, did not seem to have cramped it in the least. The company's books at Sanlucar showed this plain enough.

He used good English when he spoke, which was seldom, and was only known to have sworn upon one occasion—it was when some drunken cowboys ran a herd of ponies through the wire. As the maimed and gashed bronchos struggled amidst the cruel barbs, such a string of classic and scorching vituperation issued from the clean-shaven lips of the young foreman that the 'busters,' who had expressed a willingness to drive the ponies "clean to"—a certain place where it is supposed to be hotter than Texas—sobered up in their saddles, nor did they touch another drop until after the big round-up in the fall.

Such a course of conduct, in a country where profanity takes the place of punctuation and a "fighting epithet" is a term of endearment, alone would make him a marked man; but then, again, he shaved and brushed his teeth. This, at first, was considered an unpardonable breach of range etiquette, and, as such, was resented; but when he had knocked "Billy the Bull" "hide and carcass," as Sam Henderson expressed it, into a patch of prickly pear, had broken that prince of buckers, "the Heller," and shot Cole Streeter through the lung after Cole had "dropped on him," they left him alone, and Old Sam summed it up when he said, "Better not fool with him boys—bad medicine," and they took his advice.

It was now a year since he had received the appointment of foreman at Sanlucar ranch. No one knew any more about him than was known five or six years before, when he applied for work to Bush Thomas, who had charge of the outfit up the creek. Bush had looked at his white hands, his pale thin face, and turned him over to the tender mercies of the "punchers," with the remark, "Boys, here's a tenderfoot who thinks as he can ride; give him a d——n good chance."

When Bush was shot, down at Waco, after an attempt to run that enterprising "city" and everything in it, including the town marshal, the new-comer was appointed, through the company's shipping agent at Bells, to the vacant position.

John White was a striking looking man, with his pale, intelligent face smooth and clean-shaven [under his wide sombrero, a straight, resolute mouth, slightly drawn at the corners, and restless, deep-set eyes. At times you disliked him, at other times you were irresistibly drawn to him—attracted by him, as a person generally is attracted by a silent man of action. He had never spoken about himself that anyone could remember, but this was not commented on, as people seldom talk "self" or exchange confidences on the range, usually more as a matter of policy than of good taste.

One day there had come a letter to Sanlucar in the week's mail, written on the company's business paper, with the steer's head at the top and the president's signature below. It was dated St. Louis, and when he read it the foreman frowned and stamped angrily with his high-heeled boot on the doorstep where he was standing.

Many letters had he received with the stamp and design at the top, "The Great Western, St. Louis and Texas Cattle Company,"—"G. W., St. L. & T."—usually type-written, and signed by a subordinate; but this one began "Dear Sir," and concluded with "favor will be appreciated by," and then the name of the head of that wealthy corporation that shipped more cattle to the East than any two others in the Comanche range. Upon one other occasion, he had received a letter that had disturbed him almost as much. It was a request to proceed to headquarters in the fall and assume charge of the southwestern range department,—as much of a promotion as if a corporal had been asked to command a company.

This almost bewildering offer he had refused, explaining that he was very well content to stay where he was and requesting that he be allowed to remain. The company had metaphorically shrugged its shoulders, and as they saved his salary many times over in the increased returns from the "hash knife" cattle under his management, they let it pass.

Now, however, it was a request of a different kind, "favor will be appreciated." "Confound the favor; this is a nice place to bring a woman!" he had exclaimed upon finishing the letter in his hand. He looked around the adobe with its shanty-like wings and its tumbledown veranda. Everything was neat; the mud-plastered walls were whitewashed, the little courtyard was swept and so intensely white that the shadows on it took a bluish tint like shadows upon snow. A couple of saddles were drying in the sun and a pair of goatskin "cheps" were hanging on a nail. The wind was stirring a little and the linen curtain

in the open window flapped lazily up and down. Great changes had the old ranche undergone in the last year; the gates to the chute and the corrals closed with a snap, and did not have to be lifted into place and cursed at twenty times a day. The quarters were neat and clean, and the head of the negro cook bobbed up and down as he polished the tin plates and leaning out of the kitchen window deposited them—a shining row—in the sunlight.

Why the news that the president of the company intended honoring Sanlucar with a visit, bringing his wife and a party of friends with him to that out-of-the-way place, should have disturbed the "boss" to such an extent, was hard to understand. One would have thought that such a break in the monotonous life would have been accepted with gladness. But the foreman did not seem to enjoy the prospect. A strange, pained look crossed his face as he stopped short in his soliloquy and entered through the doorway. The ranche was large enough to take in any number of visitors; there would be no trouble in securing accommodation, rough but comfortable, for Mr. Roberts' party. The buildings straggled along in an aimless fashion over quite an area, for Sanlucar was no collection of "dug-outs" and wire fence, like the new outfits a few months old. In former days, before the building of the railway to the southward, it was one of the stopping-places on the route into Arizona and New Mexico, and parts of it were built way back in the old Sam Houston times.

As he answered the letter in his easy, running-hand, he stamped at intervals with his foot on the old worn floor of cottonwood planks, and now and then smiled in a cynical, half-amused fashion. It was strange for him—Jack White—cow-boy, broncho-buster and roper, to be couching his language in such terms as "give the greatest pleasure," "do anything in my power for the ladies' comfort," &c., &c. When the letter was finished, he chuckled to himself, and going to the table-drawer he ignited a bit of sealing-wax

and sealed it with the big ring on his finger. Then he said, "and when they come I'll vamose."

It was sixty miles by stage to Bells, the nearest station on the line of the S. P. Ry., but the great wagon drawn by four mules made the trip twice in the next week, and brought back such things as carpets, crockery, table-cloths, camp bedsteads and chairs, looking-glasses, and even some wall-paper and some bright Mexican hangings for the old stained rooms. And Jack did not "vamose." On the day when Mr. Roberts' party was expected, he and the shipping agent walked up and down the long platform at Bells. Jack's tall athletic figure, in his embroidered shirt, with a bright red handkerchief about his throat, tight mole-skin breeches and high-heeled boots, contrasted strongly with the agent's stubby person in rusty alpaca and dusty wide-awake.

As the California express pulled up to the station, Jack's usually pale countenance had a flush of color and his heart was beating faster than when he had looked into Cole Streeter's forty-four. Seven years almost, since he had spoken a word to a woman that could be called respectable; seven years and more since he had seen a woman that could be called a lady. The train stopped and Jack and the agent stepped forward to meet the party descending from the platform. First, a burly pleasant-faced man with iron-gray whiskers; then a sweet-faced lady and a young girl in a light-grey dress, followed by two young men in cloth caps and neatly-fitting traveling suits. Two regrets were in Jack's mind, one that he had not donned a suit of clothes ordered from the East, and another that he had not "vamosed."

But there was no help now; it was too late. As his huge spurs jingled along the platform, he felt that he was not only attracting attention from the party who were standing on the steps, but, in fact, from the whole train, for windows were open and he caught the expression "Quite a type," from one of the curious observers.

Mr. Roberts was very cordial, grasped his hand and Jack soon found himself bowing right and left as he was presented in quick succession to Mrs. Roberts, her niece Miss Vaughn, Dr. Woodward and a younger son of Mr. Roberts. As he lifted his sombrero with its heavy leather band, he thought he detected an amused smile dimpling the pretty cheeks of the young lady in the grey traveling dress. He must have been mistaken, for she extended a slender little hand in its brown clinging glove, and Jack's pale face flushed still more as he felt it resting in his for an instant.

The luggage was stowed in the company's wagon and Jack noticed a guitar in its leather case and saw that it was placed where no harm could possibly befall it.

The agent waved good-bye, the old lumbering coach that had been chartered for the occasion started, followed by the wagon and Jack and a couple of retainers on horseback. As he rode up alongside of the old stage, swaying on its huge leather springs, he had to reply to a running-fire of questions from the elder and the younger Roberts. Yes, there was a bunch of mule deer up by the salt springs; antelope were not hard to find, and if they went off for a week they might find a buffalo, as several had come in with the herds in the spring. After changing horses once, they rolled into the courtyard at Sanlucar, just as the stars began to show like little golden specks on a velvet back-ground and the coyotes to bark and whimper down the creek.

* * * * *

They had been at Sanlucar two weeks, and the young foreman had puzzled them. He was always polite, and when he had dined with them, after repeated evasions of an invitation, they still knew as little of him. His manners were those of one accustomed to not only good society, but society acquainted with silver service, cut-glass decanters and damask linen. Yet he spoke but little, though when he talked of horses, shooting and riding, he seemed to throw off a little of his reserve, as if these were subjects that a ranche manager might be expected to be conversant with.

He had excused himself early on the plea of business, and left them sitting on the veranda, where the evening breeze was creeping over the still warm sand. Going to his room, he leaned his head wearily on his forearm and watched the glow that was still in the sky above the rising land to westward.

"The oddest man I ever saw," said the elder Roberts. "Told him we could use him nearer home. Offered him a position that would turn almost any young man's head; he almost begged me to let him stay. Said he couldn't live anywhere else. Looks healthy enough, but I can't blame him if he likes shooting." The president closed his eyes and thought how neatly he had shot that antelope after Jack had tolled the herd up to within fifty yards.

"His face has such a likeness to someone I have known and cannot exactly remember. I feel so sorry for him sometimes. I know that he is lonelier here than anyone thinks." Poor Mrs. Roberts' motherly heart was touched, and she thought of another boy in Uncle Sam's navy-blue, away off in China.

But Miss Vaughn said nothing, and she could have told the strangest tale of all. The day before she had been sitting in the hammock that swung in a shady corner facing the east. As she sat she thrummed in a pensive way on the guitar, half accompanying herself as she hummed a little Gypsy air. She looked up and saw the young foreman leaning on the railing, with a look in his eyes that made her start. "Quite a Spanish picture, Miss Vaughn," he said. She turned and spoke nervously, "Ah, I know you play, Mr. White; do play, please do!" He dropped his great hat on the ground, and took the guitar she handed him, resting it against his knee, one foot on the ground, the other on the upper step of the veranda. A few chords, picked sharp and clear, with the precision and touch of a *chavo*, and he began, in a rich baritone, that beautiful song of Laassen's, "Ich will dir nimmer sagen," but broke off suddenly with "I've really forgotten how, Miss Vaughn, it

is so long ago." He laughed a forced, painful laugh, and, picking up his hat, bowed and turned toward the corrals.

Everyone had been warned not to go far from the ranche unless on horseback, as the bunches of cattle that often strayed near to the building along the creek had no respect for a human being on foot. Mounted, and they feared him as sheep a wolf, but to travel on foot was worse than foolhardy, for they would charge like the wild things that they were.

One or two days after the little episode of the guitar Jack had been displaying his marksmanship with the revolver at Dr. Woodward's request, and, having used up all the cartridges in his belt, he was glad enough to get away.

Calling to one of the men to come with him, he rode to the west of the little hill that sloped away toward the Pumpkin Vine, the creek. When he rode out in view of the cottonwood a sight met his eyes that made his heart almost stop its beating. Below them was Miss Vaughn, a red parasol over her head, her sketch-book in hand, strolling down toward the shade along the water. Just emerging from the bank was a herd of thirty or forty steers scrambling into sight, up the steep slope from the other side. The leader had sighted the red parasol, and was throwing the sand with his fore feet and looked eager for the charge.

Suddenly they started. The girl turned and seemed stunned with fear. On they came, the great red steer far in advance. But right behind them, gaining on them, came the riders, their long *tapidieros* almost grazing the ground, the brims of their sombreros blown flat against their foreheads. They were up with the leaders, and only one was still before them, the great red steer, who, with head down and mighty thundering strides, was making for the enraging object in red. Leaving his companion to turn the herd, Jack, with his lariat swinging around his head, was nearing the ponderous fury in front. A slight rise in the stirrup, two quicker turns of the wrist, and the rope was winding

through the air. A brace almost on his haunches by the pony, a heave, a lurch, and the rope was stretched like a fiddle-string, while the huge red steer, with one horn deep in the sand, his upturned eye rolled back in angry terror, lay panting within a few yards of the crouching figure with the face buried in the hands. The "Hi Yi's" and the cracking of the cow-boy's driving whip sounded further and further away, and the herd plunged over the bank into the creek.

Edith had fainted. He raised her head upon his knee, and, sending the cow-boy to the creek for water, he chafed one of her hands in his, sprinkled a little water in her face from the brimful brought him, until she opened her eyes. He thought she seemed to know him, for she smiled in a faint, helpless manner. In a few minutes she was able to stand, but she shuddered when she saw that huge body with the red blood from the knife gash in his throat dying the white sand.

Jack helped her on "the Heller's" back, for a Mexican saddle makes a good side saddle, and walked beside her, steadyng her, and neither spoke a word.

That evening the doctor came into Jack's room. There was a bundle made up in the corner and Jack was busy with some papers. He looked up as Woodward entered. "What's the row, White?" he said, "you look as if you were going to leave us," and Jack replied, "I am going to vamose, Doc. Look here," he suddenly broke in, "you don't know me: you don't know what I am!" a fierce look was in his eyes. He rolled up his sleeve, and there in the white muscles of his strong left arm were five circular scars. "Yes, I know you have them too," and as Jack spoke the doctor remembered his student days at Cambridge and the burning cigar tips pressed in the flesh. "That means," continued Jack, "that the one who is branded thus should be a gentleman; and *this*," he almost hissed, pointing to a big J. burnt into the flesh, means Joliet, and means that I

am an *ex-convict!*" He blurted out the words as if he feared he would not say them.

There was a sound of something moving on the steps outside the window, but neither noticed it.

"Y^{rs}, sent there for three years for forgery,—whether I was innocent or guilty it doesn't matter; I have *been* there, served my time and am branded, thus! to all the world, and *that!* *that!*" he continued, "is to remind me of what I am. Do you think that Mr. Roberts would have me a minute in his employ if he knew what I was? Do you think that Miss Vaughn would look at me if she knew where I have been? That's where it hurts the worst! Why, man, I'd rather die than have her know it,—rather die in the water down yonder with a hole here in my head. But don't be afraid; only cowards do that. I am no coward, but I wish to God I'd never seen her. No, not that,—not that,—only one thing to do—to clear out." He stopped in his fierce tirade and drawing a photograph from his pocket, said, "this is my mother. Thank God, she never knew. She was a friend of Mrs. Roberts' when a schoolgirl; I've heard her say so. You'll respect all this, Woodward, won't you?" he added,—we're from the same place, you know, and now good-bye." Something stirred again outside.

* * * * *

"Such a romantic thing, you know!" It was at a ball at "The Pickwick," in St. Louis. "She married there, you know,—love at first sight and all that, you know. Her husband saved her life. They say he's awfully handsome, but an invalid, who can't live in the East at all, and she writes that she's so happy." And the two girls went through the doorway with their escorts to the supper-room.

JAMES BARNES.

THE YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

OUR hearts are cold—our eyes are dry,
And have been many a day,
How very seldom now we weep—
How very seldom pray!

Ah, could the time roll 'round again
When a score of years seemed old—
Before the thinking of our lives
Had left us grown so cold!

We feel no thrill of mystery
When fingered shadows creep,
We see no pictures in the coals
Nor happy dreams in sleep.

The loves, the sorrows of that time,
The tears, so passing brief,
Are set to passion's deeper rhyme
And a profounder grief.

We hear the children at their play,
The 'lay me down to sleep.'
We'd barter all life's laughs away
If, like them, we could weep.

Our hearts are cold—our eyes are dry
And have been many a day.
How very seldom now we weep—
How very seldom pray!

KIPLING IN VERSE AND PROSE.

RUDYARD KIPLING first attracted attention to himself by a little selection of rhymes which appeared some three or four years ago. He was not heard from again until "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Story of the Gadsbys," and "Soldiers Three" took the story-reading public by storm. So true and fresh were his tales and so entirely new his style that it was immediately seen that this very bright

star was in a constellation consisting of but itself. What further charmed his readers was that he made no attempt to curb his daring originality; that "first careless rapture" meets one's eye on every page. So people began asking about his history:—Who was he, and where did he live? That was told in a single sentence. He was the son of an art teacher and born in India. After receiving a fairly good education he began writing articles for one of the newspapers, with which he was for a time connected. So the receptive portion of his life was spent in far-away India amongst the gay English people and strange natives.

He has written considerable verse, and while only a comparatively few ballads have any decided merit, yet *their* fame will equal that of any of his shorter stories. He has adopted the easy, colloquial method of Lowell in his "Bigelow Papers"; and the

"Potiphar Gubbins C. E.
Is coarse as a chimpanzee,"

sounds very much like those celebrated lines of Lowell,—

"John P.
Robbinson he
Sez he won't vote for Guvner B."

The structure of his verse is as unrestricted as that of Browning. To express pretty sentiments in tuneful words is not his object, but rather in a few bold strokes to sketch an incident in which the relation between thought and word is very close. In the "Barrack-room Ballads" his "Danny Deever" best deserves to live. It paints in a few bold strokes that one grey morning that so many soldiers remember with a lump in the throat—the sunrise that looks on a file of silent men assembled to witness the execution of a comrade.

"What makes the rear ranks breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.
 They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
 They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground,
 An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound.
 O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!"

The familiar terms in which he speaks of death—the one of all subjects we are so prone to veil in a haze of euphemistic language—makes his pathos, in some instances, all the more effective, as in the "— —", where he links the dignity of the king of terrors with a game of cards.

"Ay lay him 'neath the Simla pine—
 A fortnight fully to be missed,
 Behold we lose our fourth at *whist*,
 A chair is vacant where we dine."

That is a piece of most charming verse, as well as a very characteristic bit, which gives us (poetically at least), his view of marriage.

" White hands cling to the tightened rein
 Slipping the spur from the booted heel
 Tenderest voices cry 'turn again.'
 Red lips tarnish the scabbard steel,
 High hopes faint on a warm hearth-stone—
 He travels the fastest who travels alone."

In "The Explanation" is found as picturesque a poem as the most fastidious taste could desire, where

" Love and Death once ceased their strife,"

and after tossing their arrows on the grass and sleeping through the night, at dawn regathered them.

" Ah, the fateful dawn deceived !
 Mingled arrows each one sheaved :
 Death's dread armory was stored
 With the shafts he most abhorred ;
 Love's light quiver groaned beneath
 Venom-headed darts of Death.
 Thus it was they wrought our woe
 At the Tavern long ago."

And yet, one familiar with these scans the rest in vain, and is vaguely conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Some are mere jingles and others, whatever swing they may have sung by soldiers' voices to the click of glasses and the chink of spurred heels, when printed in cold type lose their significance, and the appreciation due them. To know Rudyard Kipling as a poet, one must hear his songs chanted in the barrack-rooms of India.

RALPH D. SMALL.

IN JUDGING an author's writings we must distinguish sharply between the inherent interest they possess and the fascination given them by the writer's genius. What does he owe his theme, and how much is his theme indebted to him? The tale of Ben Hur, from its very picturesqueness, would be of interest, whether told by Lew Wallace or a canal driver. How much does the theme make the writer, and how much the writer the theme? The genius of Dickens consists in treating old and conventional topics in which the reader has little interest, and imbuing them with strength and individuality. Interest comes less from the subject than from the method of treatment.

Certain it is that Kipling's theme possesses interest in itself. Since the time of Sir John Mandeville interest has been taken in the mystic orient. Poets have sung it, artists have wet their brushes and painted its gorgeous skies and scenery, and novelists have described it with vivid imagination. Current history, like the memory of Gordon at Khartoum, Livingstone's adventures and Stanley's so recent discoveries have not served to abate this interest. And we recall how only a few years ago Rider Haggard turned our attention upon African jungles with the romantic *She*. And, too, his wild, uncivilized scenes and semi-barbarous characters are in themselves calculated to catch the popular ear and evoke popular interest. He himself

acknowledges the presence of the mystical, for he tells us that "All kinds of magic are out of date and done away with except in India, where nothing changes, in spite of the shiny toy scum stuff that people call civilization." Thus voluntarily would the reader delight to dwell among the Sepoys of India or notice the peculiar mixture of English culture with Indian mysticism. And there can be little doubt that the public, in trying to recognize the interest in the unconventional and mystical inherent in his theme have given him much more commendatory criticism than is due him. But he has often shown exceptional power and struck many true notes.

In the course of his easy narrative, Kipling has a way of introducing expressions which are beside the theme. At times he unfortunately throws in whole sentences purely for effect. We refer to such remarks as "You must not laugh at this," of which there are plenty. This can be regarded as but a dicker with the reader, a guarantee that he will give him mental relaxation for greater attention on what may follow, much as divines often relieve the tediousness of long sermons by occasional side remarks. It may show tact, but in a finished story such sensationalism has no proper place. For, while it may add something in popular interest, it detracts from the strength of the tale. By speaking to the reader, the writer makes his own presence known. It thus brings the personal element into improper prominence. If a writer's power lies in self-annihilation, or, as Ruskin has said, "It is the subject of the writer and not his skill on which our minds should be fixed," these interpolated remarks are the more objectionable.

Then, he draws a too constant attention to the distinction between the fictitious and the real. He is himself so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of story telling and dwells so supremely in the world of imagination, that life's incidents exist to him only as fiction. He almost measures its circumstances by their fitness for a tale. He is a fertile writer; for every yarn he has spun, he owns as much more

wool with which to weave more. But such references as "But, that's another story," "that's beside this tale," "If you don't believe this story ask Mrs. Hawksbee," come too frequent. They fix the reader's eye on what he should most desire them not to notice. They diffuse his interest. They call his attention to other tales, whereas he shouldn't even suppose this to be a tale. No sooner does he lose himself or become interested in the pages before him than he stumbles across something about this or that story and is made to remember it is only a story book he is reading after all.

Kipling rarely awakens deep or intense emotions. This follows naturally. He often shows fine delineation of character and an exactness in sketch, answering to life like a picture, but the reader always feels as if it is a story told. One is pleased at the author's humor or shudders at the terrible as he describes it, but is never in perfect unison with the scenes he reads about. There is not that sympathy between reader and subject which, for instance, is found in some of the simple stories of Mrs. Sarah Orne Jewett. One is thrilled at character as Kipling paints it. Under Mrs. Jewett's touch he feels with it. While Kipling interests, the reader of *gazes* from afar views the scenes *ab extra*. He forgets more his own identity with Mrs. Jewett, and experiences more deeply the feeling of actual participation. Kipling has not in the fullest sense understood the difference between photographic art, which is descriptive, and portraiture, which is interpretative.

He has, however, remarkable powers of description. His scenes sparkle and glow in rich masses of color. Often there are continuous passages of powerful description when the pages are fairly alive with keen lights and realistic flashes. He has caught up and crystallized the bizarre element of Indian sky and hill and climate. Notice the awful intensity and vividness of his dust storm. "All the electricity in the air had gone into my body and I was quivering and tingling from head to foot, as a corn shoots and tingles

before rain. It was a grand storm. The wind seemed to be picking up the earth and pitching it to leeward, and the heat beat up from the ground, like the heat of the day of judgment." His language is popular and reveals his contact with practical departmental life in India. In form and length his sentences somewhat resemble those of Wilkie Collins, but are unfortunately more tainted with the vulgarisms of the day.

In many instances the author has, like Bret Harte, shown felicity in compounding the effects of several emotions. The grotesque and the serious are often effectively combined in the same incident. The laughable and the pathetic are brought into contrast. He realizes that under certain circumstances a person laughs in the presence of the awful, the terrible, even in the face of death. For instance, in "Thrown Away :" The boy brought up under "the sheltered life system" is suddenly sent to India and thrown upon his own resources, where he dies by his own hand. Then follows a serio-comic concoction of a lie bolstered with evidence to soothe the boy's people at home, saying he had died of cholera. Finally a grave is dug with two big hoes, the body is laid in the sepulchre and the Lord's Prayer is said at the funeral. Throughout is an evident interplay of double emotions. The major weeps when he thinks of the bereaved family. He laughs at the grotesqueness of the situation and the lie they are acting out, and the laughter mixes itself up with his chokes.

But more often is his humor colored with cynicism. It is the obverse side of character he delights to bring out, and which the reader complacently smiles at as he sees his shafts flying at personal idiosyncrasies and characteristic shortcomings. Much that he has written has a suggestiveness of Thackeray about it. His wisdom is largely over minor matters, his intelligence one of trifles. His marriages take place always with difficulty, often against the parental pleasure. Of matrimony, he says, "How can a man who has never married, who cannot pick up at sight a moderately

sound horse, whose head is hot and upset with visions of domestic felicity, go about the choosing of a wife?" He is skeptical of the sincerity of affection, "Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of its reaching the proper ears." Of earnestness he says, "A very fine imitation can be manufactured by neglecting to dress decently, by moving about in a dreamy, mis̄y sort of way, by taking office work home after staying in office till seven, and receiving crowds of native gentlemen on Sunday." There is the beautiful Venus Anndomini who, he tells us with a curl of the lip, was once young; the arrogant nurse, who prefers to be called Miss Vezzis, and who squabbles weekly with her mamma over the percentage she shall give toward housekeeping; the unfortunate Mrs. Reever, who has nothing good about her but her dress; the artful Mrs. Hawksbee, who was sometimes nice even to her own sex and who at a moderate estimate had about three and twenty sides to her character, and so-forth. His humor bubbles forth most naturally through these bitter fissures. He likes to sing in the chorus that "all is vanity." And it can be said that those tales in which his cleverness and wit show most this misanthropic tincture are easily his best. Those who can see good nature in Thackeray, who like the way he lampoons the meaner vices, and praise his treatment of snobs, will probably admire the similar strain as it occurs in Kipling. While they who think his view of humanity vulgar and insincere (and this is probably the larger class), and that he strives to catch the reader's sympathy by making him feel superior to the characters before him, will as honestly condemn it.

Since the publication of "Plain Tales from the Hills," when Kipling awoke and found himself famous, he has been a prolific writer. But it is doubtful if he has since surpassed his first work. Certainly, his reputation rests on his shorter tales. Only once has he drawn on larger canvas and his success is less marked. There are the same personal characteristics of the writer, but his unconventional realism

becomes, in "The Light that Failed," greatly exaggerated. The military flavor grows excessive. Dick, the artist, is too much of the Spartan and has too much of the savage in him. He returns from the martial scenes of the Soudan on a flood of popular favor, at once subjugates the head of the syndicate who tries to defraud him, resists all friendly advice, does what he pleases, paints what he pleases. Maisie, who as a child cries and whimpers at the firing of a pistol, is weak throughout and excites little interest. The red-haired girl is much stronger and deserved greater prominence. The story is harmoniously told, but all the darkness unfortunately gathers at one point. Torpenhow is sent away for his health; all of the long art controversies come to nothing, and Maisie goes off to Paris; Dick is obliged to take stimulants for his eyesight; his Melancolia, a painting on which he has spent so much pains and raving, is mutilated by the jealous Bessie; and finally, Dick goes blind and has D. T., as he calls it. The clouds somewhat disappear, however, and the atmosphere becomes clearer when Maisie returns and the lovers are mated at last.

In much that he has written, Kipling has shown keen observation and often a remarkable knowledge of human nature. He has given voice to many utterances that deserve to live. Above all, he is a writer who knows what art is, and earnestly, even impetuously struggles to give his ideas expression. He has breathed into his writings description, humor, irony and popular narrative. But his success is as much due to the strangeness of his scenes and his barbarous, unconventional types, as to a new and hitherto untried method of treatment or to those peculiar qualities the world delights to call genius.

HARRY FRANKLIN COVINGTON.

FLYING CLOUD.

SO YOU think as how Sam will pull through, Doc.?
 He's young and I tell you he's grit.
 Only two weeks ago—it seems like a year—
 Didn't know how it happened? Like to hear?
 Well, I'll tell you the story. Let's sit.

The boys had gone down to the spring-hole,
 And I wondered what kept them so long;
 I was makin' some dip for them hoof-rot sheep—
 For hoof-rot will kill if it gets in deep—
 And I thought as p'raps somethin' was wrong.

So I stepped to the door of the 'dobé,
 I was nervous, I didn't know why;
 Tom allus was ridin' that half Spanish mare—
 That buckin', she wolf, most the time in the air,
 With the like-to-kill white in her eye.

They was drivin' the ponies before 'em,
 He and Sam, when they left the corral;
 The broncs was uneasy and snortin' like mad,
 And that itch-bitten black was figitin' bad,
 For she pranced like a fandango gal.

Well, I stood in the doorway a minit,
 And a shadin' my eyes with my hand,
 When way off in the sage-bush, near them burnt spots,
 I saw puffs of smoke! heard some droppin' shots
 And the sound of hoofs poundin' the sand!

Then I shook like a Mexican dog, sir,
 And my mouth was as dry as the drouth;
 Them clouds in the east didn't mean no rain!
 They was Injun signals all clar and plain,
 And I knew the Apaches was out.

Then straight up the side-draw they come, sir,
 And the black was a leadin' them all;
 Tom, he was breakin' her jaw holdin' back
 On the curb; Sam's lines was all of a slack,
 And he seemed about ready to fall.

Right behind 'em a score of loose ponies—
 I had just noticed them when Sam fell!
 Down he went on his roan, and I cursed her out loud,
 When out of the dust, sir, on Flyin' Cloud,
 Came that youngster, a ridin' like hell!

I could see the black mare weavin' badly—
 She was carryin' double, you see—
 But breedin' will tell at the end of a race,
 And along she came, at a thunderin' pace,
 With young Tom holdin' Sam on his knee!

I run out on the trail thar to meet 'em,
 With that Winchester thar on the rack,
 I pumped the lead into that dust-smothered ruck;
 One war bonnet tumbled—trusted to luck—
 For the devils were close on Tom's track.

They kinder held up when they seed it,
 And the mare stretched away like a hound.
 Sam's right arm swung loose, and his face was all white,
 But he clinched the mare's mane with his left hand tight!
 Tom sittin' thar straight, safe and sound.

And then into the 'dobé we run, sir,
 And Tom rode the mare in through the door;
 You'd thought she owned the shebang, it was queer,
 She seemed like she'd say, "Well, boys, we're here,"
 And had lived all her life on a floor.

Then we stood the red varmints off, sir,
 For it reely wasn't nothin' to do;
 They don't look for fightin'; they'll murder and kill
 And run off the stock. Well, sometimes they will
 Fight; a coyote will, too.

That's Flyin' Cloud, sir; she ain't much on looks;
 The only one left of nigh sixty head.
 Cleaned out like a freshet, stock, ponies and all;
 We'll move south the creek, I reckon, next fall.
 Yes! an Injun is best when he's dead.

JAMES BARNES.

LOVE'S DOMAIN.*

[From the French of Paul Arène.]

I.

THE scene is laid in the land of Love's Domain—that dreamy country, so delightfully chimeric, calling Watteau's Cythia to mind and the forest in the Ardennes where Shakespeare let his groups of lovers wander; that land of thick woods and arbors of roses, of tiny lakes that delicate hazes veil, of rivers on whose bosom glow the purple sunsets, of blue gulfs dotted here and there by fairy islands.

There in the infinite variety of their faces and costumes, some laughing, some in sadness, those privileged beings live again who on earth were lovers. And not only those who existed in reality, but those, too, who were created by poets' intangible ideals.

Aspasia there finds Mano, Juliet with Romeo meets Antony and Cleopatra. Kings, warriors, shepherds, empresses and mistresses! A sea of silks and brocades, where here and there amid the jewels' flash gleams the blood red ruby of a wound! A spring time without end! An eternal joy!

And each time a new couple arrives the whole Domain holds fête; the atmosphere becomes more bright, the flowers scent more sweetly, while in the distance from among the shady groves are heard the sounds of kisses and of tinkling music.

So much for the scenery. Harlequin and Columbine, well-known lovers, now enter. They tell how sweet on earth their wooing was, and meanwhile they admire the landscape spread before their view. They are surrounded, of course, and fêted.

* In the Paris-Noël, 1890.

II.

The scenery is the same, but saddened by autumn.

For, by a decree of fate, the Domain can only exist by love. Now, down on earth—so says our friend Harlequin—there is a strange state of affairs. In their grosser activity which has wealth for its only aim, digging mines, cutting canals, launching vessels, starting trains and balloons made more or less governable, always speculating, always melting ore, and causing the smoke from their furnaces to roll out in such dense clouds that the stars even are darkened, the men of this new iron age have come to such a pass that no longer do they know what it is to love. Women even love no more. Their caresses are bought and sold. So that, for a long while now, Love's Domain—that paradise, has had no visits from lovers. The last arrivals were Harlequin and Columbine; and these indeed, finding the country greatly changed, are now falling into deep despondency.

After them—*no one!*

Well nigh a hundred years have thus passed, and the century once completed, for lack of love the Domain must perish. The roses faded, then followed a long interminable autumn, filling with its shower of dead leaves the little deserted lakes and the marble basins where the fountains no longer play.

Frost and snow have come, the latter white as swan's down, the other glittering with myriad scintillating points. With frost appeared a troop of loved beings symbolizing frozen hearts, and with snow another troop representing the pure white flakes. It is winter—an arctic winter. And all along the paths, with their great white frosted hedges, beneath the trees glistening with hoar frost, beside the half-frozen rivers, handsome cavaliers and lovely ladies, with cloaks fluttering in the icy wind, are sighing

"All is over! Love is dead! Love is dead!"

Harlequin, in despair at seeing his Columbine drooping—nay, dying—decides to send messengers to earth to see if

really there are no more lovers. He calls. In answer come a thousand birds, among whom are a group of sea birds, albatrosses, gulls and halcyons, with plumage of blue and fiery red. These shall be the messengers. The birds circle upwards and scatter to the four quarters of the horizon.

III.

The same scenery in winter. Beneath the ever-falling snow, in pairs, the lovers sleep entombed. Harlequin and Columbine alone struggle against stupefaction and death. They encourage and still caress one another. They dance and keep warm.

One by one, two by two, in groups the feathered messengers return. They have scoured the earth and have found no lovers!

Then, suddenly, in Love's desolate Domain, there blows a warmer breeze. Sweet odors pass, the odor of new grass and springing flowers. Beneath the cornice of Eros' temple, all laden with snow and fringed with icicles, drops of water, sign of coming thaw, tremble at the end of the stalactites. The sleepers little by little arouse themselves. Harlequin and Columbine appear in merry mood.

At the door of porphyry and gold, which connects Love's Domain with earth, is heard a slight noise, as if some one timidly were knocking. And when the door is opened—not without difficulty, because of the drifted snow—there appears, surrounded by sea birds, a loving pair, Ki-Ki and Ru-Ru! Ki-Ki, a young South Sea Islander, with stone-headed axe in his hand, his breast all bloody. Ru-Ru, a maiden, also of the Southern Ocean, with coral necklace and a dripping sea-weed girdle. They tell how that they lived in a distant isle, a coral reef neglected by navigators, and how one day men from Europe wanted to take Ru-Ru away. Ki-Ki, trying to defend her, was killed, and she, with no motive for life, now that Ki-Ki was dead, leaped over board from the ship that was bearing her across the wide, wide sea.

"After that"—added Ki-Ki—"I found myself in a path way sown with stars, and there I met Ku-Ru smiling but wet!"

"You loved each other, then?" asked Harlequin, at which indiscreet question Ki-Ki and Ru-Ru looked as if they had been addressed in Provençal, or in the language of the Turks.

Harlequin took Ru-Ru, and Columbine Ki-Ki, and led them to the little marble temple where is the statue of Eros.

"Do you know that god?"

Ki-Ki and Ru-Ru said no, and laughed.

But we believe, nevertheless, that without knowing the name of the image, Ki-Ki and Ru-Ru loved each other, for immediately, to fête these two last lovers, everything came back to life in Love's Domain.

The snow melted away, the lawns turned green, and the rose trees budded once more.

For in a hundred years more, other lovers may be born, to go from here up yonder.

Love's Domain was saved—and by two savages!

V. LANSING COLLINS.

THE FIRST SPRING.

HER first summer ended, the young earth stands weeping,
Her heart is filled with loneliness and dread.
She never yet has learned that flowers wake from sleeping,
And when they close their eyes, she thinks them dead.

Overcome at last by fear and hopeless sorrow,
She sobs herself to sleep at even's call,
While snow-winged angels, prophets of the morrow,
About the grieving mother softly fall.

Sweet now the dreams that mother earth is dreaming,
Peacefully resting 'neath the snow,
She dreams the vales with silver lakes are gleaming,
Dreams that the hills with summer sunshine glow;

Dreams that the birds have never ceased their singing,
 Dreams that cold winds of winter do not blow,
 Dreams that the flowers are still around her springing,
 Dreams that the brooks have never ceased their flow.

Angel of faith! from out the snowdrift peering,
 Long-lost Hepatica looks with wondering eyes,
 Bends to her mother's ear her lips half-fearing
 And faintly whispers, "Mother dear, arise."

Joyfully finding darkness now departed,
 And sorrow vanished (for the night is done),
 Thrilled with new life, and singing, happy-hearted,
 She wakes her sleeping children, one by one.

The self-same mother our dear ones is keeping,
 Tenderly folding them unto her breast.
 Be not dismayed, "she is not dead, but sleeping,"
 And God shall waken when it seemeth best.

THE STRAINED RELATIONS IN THE FIRM OF CAPTAIN FARR AND MR. EDWARD WIGGINS.

"WOMEN is the most curious invention the Lord ever made, and He's made some mighty curious things," old Cap. Farr was accustomed to observe.

Then Mr. Ed. Wiggins, his old friend and partner in business, would answer, "I dunno but what you're right, Cap."

Now Mr. Wiggins had at one time made this remark himself, but he was glad enough to have the captain use it as his own. He was the originator of that observation—in Hattersville, at least—and it was at a time when he felt the full force of the sweeping assertion.

I can't say exactly how many years ago it happened, but it came about in this manner: When he was a very young man, and a very foolish young man, Ed. Wiggins lucklessly fell in love with a certain farmer's daughter, whom he more or less luckily lost. But he never ceased to look with great awe upon his successful rival, Capt. Farr, who was then only plain "Fatty" Farr. All natural feeling of jealousy was

lost in an unmixed admiration for his prowess. This regard was blended with tender affection and sympathy when, within a year of the nuptials, the fickle lass deserted the bed and board of the fat Farr, who in turn became sorely in need of just such a sympathetic and admiring spirit as he found in Ed. Wiggins. And besides, since the old man—Deacon Farr—had died, the condition of the store demanded a helping hand. Not that the young and healthy successor was incompetent, but the business was “a leetle too brisk for one man single-handed,” as he explained when taking Ed. into partnership. The pair prospered, and in time the establishment became “The Largest Provision and Supply Depot in Hattersville. Dry goods, groceries, hardware,” and all the other things mentioned in the *Weekly Enterprise*, “always in stock.”

Thus this pair had shuffled on through a quarter of a century, always together, generally happy, loving all men, especially each other, hating all women (so they said), shooting ducks on the river in the spring and fall when they had time, and woodcock in the summer, until they had come to that time when each began to fear that the other was growing old. But the “firm,” as they were always called, was really very little changed. The senior member had acquired the title of “Cap.,” the other was called Eddie instead of Ed. Cap. had grown a little stouter perhaps, Eddie a little sparer. One was the supplement of the other. Eddie would propose a scheme and Cap. would carry it out, but the former—heaven protect him—thought the Captain did both, and the latter—may his shadow never grow less—quite agreed with him. And still retaining, through all these years, the same views in regard to women-folk as in their first bitterness, their opinions had grown into convictions. Though sometimes, I must confess, the Captain was a little fearful about his partner.

“Eddie,” Cap. used to say when, together with Pete, Cap.’s old retriever, they were taking their Sunday walk, “Eddie, women is the most curious invention the Lord ever

made, and He's made some awful curious things, and that's the truth," and he would lay his mighty hand upon Eddie's somewhat bent shoulder.

"I dunno but what you're right, Cap.," the other used to say, as if he was hearing this remark for the first time. "I dunno but what you're mighty right."

"Yes, sir;" Cap. would continue, "I have had my day and doin' with women, and I never seen anything in petticoats what's fit to walk down onto old age with me, if I do say it myself, and that's gospel."

"There's none in this here county, anyhow, Cap.," Eddie used to suggest.

"Nor fit for you, neither," the captain would kindly add. Eddie used to thank him inwardly for adding that. "Though he *do* be coldish *sometimes*, there ain't one man in a thousand what's got as kind a heart as has Cap. Farr," he used to say in the store.

"Now I *have* heerd of cases where a female—" at this point the portly captain would stop in the middle of the road and gesticulate majestically, while Eddie and Pete would gaze admiringly from a distance—"a *female*, mind you, has overcome a man, and even spiled friendships, but I'd jest like to gaze on the female what can do *me* up, or spile *our* friendship."

And Eddie would proudly answer, "You're mighty right, Cap."

But sometimes, especially of late, and most especially in the spring of the year of which I am speaking, something (the sun it was, perhaps,) would strangely affect this old firm, causing them to talk in a manner not becoming elderly gentlemen and professed woman-haters.

For instance, one day, while they were duck-shooting, they had stretched themselves out on the warm pebbles of the shore—it was too clear a day for the ducks to fly—and were indulging in their favorite pastime of discussing the people of the town.

They had at first attacked the unsoundness of the Rev. Mr. Wharton. But the weather was entirely too delicious to find fault long. Even woman appeared less vixen-like than usual, on this peaceful spring day, and presently it came to pass that Eddie said, "Say, Cap, if I was a kid and a-lookin' for a partner of the opp'site sex, I'd go up the river there and court that there plump and rosy daughter of widow Haskell's—darned if I wouldn't!"

Now, though they would never permit any woman's name to be connected with their own, they used to find amusement, once in a great while, in imagining what they *might* do if they were young. "Kids is sech fools anyhow," as the Captain used to remark.

Now, it always happened that in such confidences, Eddie as he said, "allays singled out the plump birds, same as in shootin'," which was complimentary to his friend's proportions, whereas Cap. would always mention the more slender charmers, partly because his superior knowledge of the sex compelled him to differ from Eddie and partly, though he never acknowledged it, because he envied and admired any one who was not incommodeed by surplus avoidupois. So on this occasion he sagely corrected the mistake of his less experienced friend.

"Now, that's where you're wrong, Eddie. In my experience I've seen how as the woman as weighs the least pounds makes the best wife, and that's straight; take, now, Mrs. Haskell herself; she's aint nowhere in size alongside of her daughter Liz, but no one ever had a better wife than Bill Haskell—leastwise that's what they tell me; I don't pay much heed to sech things."

Now with respect to Mrs. Haskell, it must be said that she had been a most excellent helpmate to her deceased lord. But for all her careful management, she was obliged, when Mr. William Haskell died, to sell out and move into the next county to a small farm near Hattersville.

She was a quiet little woman, who had a large heart and a large head. She was generally too busy in the manage-

ment of her small farm to gossip with her neighbors, though I do not doubt but she would have enjoyed it as much as any—and it may have been for this reason, as well as the fact that she was a comparative stranger in the neighborhood, that she had so few friends.

Although never approached definitely on the subject, it was pretty well known that she considered her marrying days over long ago—at least until her only daughter, Lizzie, was safely provided for.

For this important move, that buxom maid seemed in no especial hurry. "Land sakes, she wasn't thinkin' of marriage while ma was so young."

Now, it happened, upon a fateful day, that Mr. Wiggins, junior member of the firm, went up to the widow's to collect a bill that was due. He found the widow's daughter so very pretty—Eddie enjoyed looking at a pretty face—and the widow herself, such charming company—as women go—that he accepted the invitation to come again. After that he went two or three times to arrange about buying some eggs.

The widow was quite congenial, agreeing with him in most points of church affairs, namely that the members of the choir were entirely too talkative, and any change in the arrangement of the pews would seriously interfere with the acoustics, and other points of more or less importance.

Taking it all in all, they were "a right tolerable mother and daughter," thought Eddie, as he entered the store after his last call and encountered the gaze of Cap., and he added to himself as he ruffled his hair a little, "as women go, that is."

Of course, Eddie would not continue going up to the widow's. It was not fair to his partner for him to seek enjoyment in anyone else's company, and it was not in accordance with what he believed in. "There was no tellin' what them women would try to do, women is such a curious invention." He was a little afraid that Cap. suspected him of going up the river more often than was

necessary—and he wouldn't have Cap. mistrust him for the world.

But then the widow would think him rude to break off so suddenly, and of course he wouldn't like to hurt anybody's feelings. He would go up once more to explain matters, or twice, because she must have been awfully lonely up there without any friends; and then, anyhow, he was "only studyin' 'em;" why, of course, he was "jest studyin'." He did not inform the other member of the firm of his studying, as he intended to do, "'cause Cap. was rayther narrer-minded—not exactly that, but Cap. was a coldish sort of a man; he always had said that."

And the result of his study was to agree with what Cap. had said, that no one ever had a better wife than Bill Haskell, and he said inwardly, "Cap. always was a smart jedge of the feminines, like everything else."

Now, while Eddie continued to visit the widow's, a coldness began to spring up between these two old friends. They were just as friendly at first, but gradually they began to look askance at each other, until finally it came to such an awful state that they—these old friends—never liked to be alone together, and when other people were in the store they only talked to keep up appearances. "What's the matter with the firm?" everyone was asking everyone else at the sewing society. "What on *airth* 's goin' to happen?"

Poor Eddie! It was killing him to see the captain turn his eyes on him with that wistful look. He thought Cap. was "onto him, only jest too kind to let on." And at last he could bear it no longer, "studyin' or no studyin'."

He went up the river road with the firm intention of saying good-bye, but he said something entirely different. He couldn't help thinking "what a darn fine, what a very darn fine, woman Mrs. Haskell was, and how well he and she got along together." She was always so kind and attentive to his opinions, and this evening when he went down to the spring with her, he didn't intend it to happen, but somehow or other he said something about having a man about

the place, and she didn't seem to disapprove of the idea. "But," she said, "it all depends on how a certain other man acts."

It was not until he had said good-night to Cap., and had shaken hands, as was their custom, that he realized what an awful thing he had done.

All through the long night he lay awake thinking about it and of "them innocent eyes of Cap.'s, so inquirin'-like."

The next day he tried to screw his courage up and confess everything and let Cap. say what he wanted to. He sat on a soap-box and looked sidewise at Cap., and the Captain sat on the counter and looked back inquiringly at him. But neither of them said a word, and so the night came.

But the next morning, Eddie with a firm voice addressed his partner, "Cap.," he said, looking steadily into the sugar-barrel, "a little walk wouldn't go bad; don't you jedge so, Cap.?"

They started up the river-road arm in arm, as if they were as firm friends as ever, but neither had a word to say.

Eddie thought it was better than he deserved to have the Captain allow him to walk in the same road, whether he suspected the awful truth or not.

They proceeded in silence until they came within sight of the widow's cosy little house, with its whitewashed fence. Eddie wished they hadn't come up that road; the sight of that house always made him feel queer.

There was Pete, the retriever, trotting on as if nothing had happened. There he turned. Just before you come to the hill, there is a lane that turns to the right. Pete turned up that lane. The lane led up to Widow Haskell's. And Cap. owned Pete.

"But then," thought poor Eddie, as soon as he recovered the power of thinking, "he's probably jest been studyin' her; he's got too much sense to make a fool out of *him*-self. But the words of the widow in regard to a certain other man came to him.

"We had better sit down, don't you jedge so, Cap.?" It was the first word since they left the store.

The Captain immediately sat down on the fringe of dusty grass; then Eddie sat down, but with his back to Cap.'s, so that his feet stretched down towards Hattersville, and the Captain's legs were directed up stream towards the mill.

Then almost moaned Eddie, "Who'd a' thought a woman 'ould ever a' come between us!" He was very glad he didn't have to look into the Captain's face.

At last the Captain opened his mouth, "Well, now, I tell you, I dunno as I can say at present jest *who* would."

After that silence reigned. There they sat, back to back, at the side of the road quite a long while; but not a word more was said. Old Pete had accommodated himself to circumstances and was sleeping peacefully in the dust.

At last, Eddie remarked, "Better git up, don't you jedge so, Cap.?" although in the mildest tone, it could not have carried more authority if from the county sheriff himself.

Then, with his back still to Cap.'s, Eddie poured out the result of his long meditation:

"See here, Cap, here we be, two old men, 'cause we *air* old, and both of us a hankerin' after the same female. It ain't agoin' to harm one or the other of us to live the rest of his life alone, we ain't got very much to live, besides we kin still be friends, can't we? Now, we kin jest keep on up to the house, and when we get there we can 'low her to take her choice; don't you jedge so, Cap.?"

Side by side they proceeded in silence until they pushed open the gate which both had entered so often, but never before together.

"Shake hands before we go in an' may the best man win, Cap.," said Eddie.

"Ed., we've been friends fur a long time, and that's—" but the Captain could only press the hand in lieu of the "that's straight" that he would have uttered.

The widow had seen them coming and had gone upstairs to prepare to meet them. While they were waiting, neither

dared look the other in the face, so ashamed, yet so terribly in earnest were they. Their long intimacy was about to cease forever, and whichever way it turned out, they were both satisfied that they would never be happy again.

Thus were they thinking when Mrs. Haskell came down, all the more charming for being so embarrassed at seeing them together.

"Liz is out feedin' the chickens," she said, seeming to be looking for some one to help entertain her visitors.

Eddie whispered, "Now's the time, before the young one comes in."

The two arose and advanced toward the widow and then stopped, not knowing what to do. Old Pete, who followed Cap., stopped also.

"You recollect, Molly,—I mean Mrs. Haskell,—how as I was speakin' to you of a matter of some importance some time since, and how you said it depended on how a certain other man acted."

"Isn't the Captain brave enough to speak for himself?" asked the cruel widow.

"Yes, but what we want to say is—"

But at this moment the door was thrown open and in bounced the buxom Lizzie, all covered with corn-meal and blushes.

The two men were standing. Not so the other visitor—Pete—who sprang up and nearly wagged his tail off in his delight at seeing her.

"What does that there mean?" cried Eddie, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head.

"It means," said the widow, who was now smiling, "that Pete's likings agrees with his master's."

"Is that straight, Cap.?"

But Cap., blushing and bewildered, could only look first at Liz and Pete and then from them to Eddie.

"But I thought it depended on how a certain other man acted!" yelled Eddie.

"So it do, don't it Lizzie?" said the Captain.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed Eddie as he almost violently threw his arm about the fresh gingham dress of the widow, "we're still the firm, and darned if we aint made a double, Cap."

Cap., who seemed at last to have wakened up, was occupied over by the door "acting," as he expressed it.

"But Cap.," said Eddie, when the firm had at last started back for the store, "why didn't you tell me it was Liz and not Molly all the time?"

"I thought you allays singled out the plump birds, Ed.?"

"But Cap., I said that, bein' as if I was young."

But Captain Farr's only answer was: "Of all the curious inventions the Lord ever made—praise His name—women is the most awful curioskest, and that's straight."

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

THE LAKE AND THE SONG.

THE harvest moon was rising
And threw a broadening ray
That in a shining, silvered streak
Upon the water lay.

Silent and still in the moonlight—
Never before that night
Had the water seemed half so quiet,
Or the moonlight half so bright.

For there in the stern before me,
Smiling and sweet and fair,
I saw her face half-dreamily
And the moonlight on her hair.

The water rippled softly
As the sharp bow moved along,
And my glistening oar made music
That mingled with her song.

The notes, so low and tender,
An unwonted sweetness gave
To that quaint old ballad, telling
Of a love beyond the grave.

Long years have passed me over;
 Again my oar blades break
 The glassy, moonlit surface
 Of that silent mountain lake.

The air is soft as ever,
 The silvered streak is there,
 But no one sits before me
 With the moonlight on her hair.

And in the tinkling ripples
 I hear no music—save
 A song my heart is singing
 Of a love beyond the grave.

S. H. ROLLINSON.

IN THE NORTH WOODS.

FOR a week we had had a spell of wet weather that widened the usual circle of prophets around the stove at Crawford's by night and decreased in the same ratio the fishing by day. So the old yarns went round for the hundredth time, told in a constant haze of smoke from that famous brand "Blue Ruin," until gradually the twilight crept in through the small windows of the old store and a silence fell upon the circle. No sound broke the stillness save the crackling of burning logs in the time-worn stove. The prophet had fallen asleep; even the old hound at my feet sighed in his dreams. It was late, so I left the now diminished circle, went over to Jock's and turned in.

The morning dawned clear and bright; the river, swollen with the continuous rain, flashed in the warm sunlight, running with the speed of a sluice-way.

As I leaned over the mill bridge a kingfisher screamed past, as much as to say, "Poor fishin', ain't it?" and just then my good friend Frank the Forester emerged from a tangle of alders on the opposite side of the stream.

"Anything up?" I asked, as he drew near.

"Water's about the only thing I know of," said he. "I thought I'd come over and see you about a little scheme I had cooked up for you." Then he told me he was to start in the morning on one of his periodical trips through the woods, reporting on the condition of the timber. He was to be gone about three weeks; would I accompany him? Yes, and gladly.

And so we proceeded to Jock's together, to talk it over. That night the fly book was looked into and the usual assortment of old stand-bys, "from grave to gay" re-arranged, and what "duffle" we needed got together. We contented ourselves with a rod apiece, one a rather heavy lancewood—"a rough diamond" that had seen hard service both with bait and fly—the other a bamboo of five ounces, a lovely little rod and every inch a thoroughbred. We were to find our provisions and blankets on the way.

Our route lay by trail from Keene Valley, Essex county, N. Y., through the notch to Van Honnenberg, thence to the Deserted Village, through the Indian Pass, so on to Preston Ponds, and down Cold River, returning by way of Lake Colden, Mt. Marcy and the Ausable region, in all a circuit of some one hundred and fifty miles by trail. Starting rather late the next day, over a fairly good trail, we struck the Great South Meadow in the cool of the evening and reached Van Honnenberg's at dusk, feeling comfortably tired and hungry after our twelve-mile jog through the notch.

That night, after a poor but welcome supper, we stretched ourselves before the big blaze in front of the lodge and talked over our pipes, until one by one the stars flickered and went out, and the moon, just cresting the edge of the black spruces, told us it was past time to turn in. Another twelve miles of rougher going the day after, brought us through the Indian Pass and out to the Deserted Village.

It is a strange contrast to suddenly break from the heavy timber in that wild region and come upon this isolated relic of what in days long ago was a thriving settlement.

There it lies to-day, its single thoroughfare half obliterated in a tangle of rank weeds and blackberry bushes, its row of shanties covered with the moss of years, abandoned and fast falling to decay.

We entered a dilapidated structure on our right. Half sunken in the floor, green with moss, lies an iron-bound chest, its lid bulging with a tumbled assortment of old ledgers and papers—all that remains of the old bank. Halfway down the street the Adirondack Club has its headquarters. Under their hospitable roof we spent one of the pleasantest of weeks, and having gained a clear idea of the lumbering and condition of the timber land, lakes and streams of the region roundabout. We packed our "duffle" one bright morning and were off for Preston and Cold River.

Starting at the upper end of Lake Henderson, a trail of four miles through a more or less lumbered country brought us to the Upper Preston Pond—and what a beauty it is! Nearly circular, its placid surface reflects the primeval loneliness of the unbroken forest that surrounds it. Here, through the courtesy of the club, we occupied a model log camp, the like of which would bring contentment to the heart of any hunter or angler, as it lies nestled among the big spruces in a tiny sheltered cove.

We were soon in our snug quarters, and, after a bite and a nip, stretched ourselves under the shade of an old hemlock down by the little brook that chattered so merrily past our shanty and tried as patiently as circumstances would permit to kill that longest part of the day—the time between the end of the morning fishing and the time to fish again.

Who, if he be a true angler, has not felt that indescribable feeling of impatience for the hour to come when the sun dies pale in the West and a dozen concentric rings breaking the quiet surface of the lake tell him it is time to put his rod together and glide gently out upon the still water now swimming in the yellow evening light.

"Whirr—whirr—" goes the reel as you pay out enough line to get your cast under way. As you drift along silently, the long, plaintive note of a hermit-thrush comes softly over the water to you, and as you near a tangle of flood-wood that hangs as if in mid-air, so accurately is it mirrored in the still black water, suddenly your eye catches sight of a swirl ahead, and instantly you are on the alert. Go slow, my boy; these wary old fellows are sparing of their favors! A deep, quiet stroke with the paddle and you glide within casting distance. Now! Softly your flies fall upon the black water, just this side of His Majesty. There he lies, in the shadow of that big white snag to your left. Again the line straightens, and this time your cast dapples the surface above him. Like a flash, with a swirl of his mighty tail, he has your dropper fairly in his jaw and has started for deeper water. Steady now! Be careful of that flood-wood. He will play havoc with you if he reaches it. Inch by inch you recover your line. You feel the butt is beginning to tell on him, and instinctively you reach for the landing net. A quick pass as he rolls to the surface, and the next instant he lies struggling in the meshes at your feet. Ah, what a beauty he is! Two and one-quarter pounds, if an ounce. There he lies, game to the last, the big hook of his under jaw working convulsively, his bright spots gleaming like so many turquoise and rubies. Handle him tenderly; treat him with respect. He is no reptile of a dog-fish, this fellow who has sent the blood coursing through your veins for the past fifteen minutes. He is a prince among fishes.

As I look across in the direction of the camp, a thin column of blue smoke rising straight against the dark timber, warns me that it is late and that Frank is getting supper. The sun has set an hour ago and the chill night mist is beginning to settle rapidly over the water. I manage to pick up half a dozen little fellows for the pan and then put for camp.

As the canoe grates against the beach, I hear Frank's cheery voice calling to me within the shanty, "Hello,

Doctor, I didn't know but what you had about concluded to make a night of it. Any luck?" And then his eyes fall upon the sagging contents of the net, as I emerge into the kitchen where the big fellow with the aristocratic hook is duly lifted out and weighed. "Just two pounds, old man, and a beauty he is! Took the gnat, eh? Its curious how these big fellows' tastes differ. I've got some biscuits for supper, and I guess these little fellows won't go bad along with the bacon. Tea or coffee?"

"Suit your taste," said I, and taking the candle I followed the trail down to the brook to dress the fish. Supper finished, we filled our pipes and talked between the puffs.

The fire burned low, and after a look at the moon and a few speculations in regard to the morrow, we covered up the ashes and turned in.

F. BERKLEY SMITH.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SHADOWS.—There is a peculiar influence lingering about the quadrangle sometimes, late in the evening on moonlight nights—an undefined something which seems to give to the surroundings the air of a little community at rest. It exhales, as it were, like a perfume from everything around, and permeates every nook and corner. Quiet is essential to its advent—at least, so I have imagined. Each building, tree and flaring gaslight seems to contribute to it and partake of it. It is as though, now that the haste and hurry, the trip and tread of the day are over, all the permanent, immovable campus dwellers are having a dumb sociable among themselves, gossiping breathlessly about what the elms see, as they peep in at the windows where the lights are lingering yet, and with an occasional rustle, betray to the rest.

The sociable seemed to have begun some evenings ago, when I glanced out of my window after the clock had struck eleven and the sound had died away; for you know it must be absolutely still before it can begin. The moon was half-full—that is, it described a semi-circle, as true as ever was portrayed upon Dickinson Hall black-board. It shone slantingly over West College, casting long, black shadows towards the old chapel, shadows which darkened and dimmed and darkened again as the clouds flew by the source of light. In and out among those feathery clouds she sailed only a little way beyond Witherspoon—probably as far as the Seminary, surely no farther.

How strange those long shadows looked as they came and went—almost like platoons of soldiers, traveling in solid rank diagonally across the quadrangle and then silently disappearing, only to be closely followed by another company, whose march was equally noiseless and swift.

Some guest by night, it seemed, and the moon was marshaling her forces. Yes, that was it, for the piles of stone and lumber by the unfinished halls forthwith began to shape themselves into sentinels, mute and motionless, piked and speared, guarding the flank of the passing troops. Hark! Can we hear the music to which they are keeping step? Ah, no; it is the thrum of a banjo. The dream is rudely broken.

Now a form passes by, coated and caped, and the pavement rings out sharply under his tread. The atmosphere is clear as a bell to-night. The sound seems to have frightened the moon and her dusky soldiery, for she hurriedly hides her face behind the curtaining clouds and her whole battalion flees, like the very shadows that they are. He of the cape and coat and ringing tread passes out of sight and hearing in the shades which surround and envelop Edwards. Hardly a gleam of light comes from Edwards through the trees. The great pile of brown stone and towering chimneys with all its occupants appears wrapped in slumber. It seems dark and sombre down there.

For a tiny while it continues thus, then the moon shyly peeps out once more; but there is hardly time to see if her phantom followers attend her, so precipitately does she retreat, for steps are again approaching. How sensitive she is to steps, and she cannot brook interruption. It is too bad. On they come to the crosswalks and pause to chat a moment, for there are two this time. Soon they separate; one to East College, while the other follows the sage advice of one of America's noble dead, and "goes West." Their steps grow fainter and fainter, and finally die away. It is still again. The two tall columns of light in East have few attendants now, and they are going one by one. The rays from companion lights beyond the cannon are fewer still. Reunion looks jollier and less reserved than the rest, yet only here and there has it a bright window.

But the Queen o' Night seems grieved away. Ah! if she would only return and people the campus again with

her silent army! Perhaps she will be courted by quiet. Let us wait a little while and try. All grows very still. Night breezes even have gone elsewhere. The twinkling of the gaslight seems almost to make a noise. But, listen! there is a murmur up among the elm branches, low, very low, but audible if you listen very intently. Look. Are not the clouds growing bright and silvery up there where the rustling twigs are pointing? There can be no doubt of it.

Slowly, reluctantly almost, the smiling face glides out to view. In an instant the rugged elms have measured their lengths upon the gray ground, and are vying with each other, seeing who shall stretch his arms farthest. Each extending limb is wrapped to the very tip with a shadowy, twining robe of network. The gaslight's twinkle is eclipsed. The gaslight doesn't like the moon; when she appears it grows yellow with anger and jealousy.

But there never was another place as noisy as that quadrangle. The gaslight is to hold the field to-night. There is a sudden racket and clatter from West, a muffled shout and the slam of a door. Can it really be that there is any connection between noise and the mood of the moon? Strange, but she shoots behind the misty sheet of cloud, and the gaslight twinkled as if it were enjoying it hugely. Whether it was the moon's discomfiture that amused it, or the thought of night revelings, I cannot tell. It may be the latter, for what hasn't that light seen?

'Twas dark again, and through the trees passed a figure with a cane and a lantern. The night watchman.

Ten! Eleven! Twelve! The meeting is at an end.—
Harry C. Havens.

IN A MINOR CHORD.

What magic abides in the cool, salt wind, which blows from the boundless sea,
That the clinging caress of its soft, moist kiss, and its dalliance wild and free,
Can charm away all rue for the past, and fear for the time to be?

What magic abides in the rolling waves chance sent from the wastes of the deep,
That the music they murmur against the shore in their wide, increasing sweep
Can move me away from the world and men, and the tears that I needs must weep?

What magic abides in the biting sting of the keen, wind-driven spray,
That calls forth my life-weary spirit rejoiced and sends it away and away,
Forgetting the sneers of a soul-blind world in the vanishing bliss of to-day?

—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

A TENDENCY.—If extent of self-criticism is indicative of the high intellectual status of a people, certainly America holds no low place in the scale. There is probably no subject or category of subjects so much discussed as tendencies—"the tendencies of the age," this way and that. The scholar hardly tells us of our practical tendency, before we hear whisperings of an 'over-education. We scarcely read of division of labor, ere we catch the floating wail of a narrowing technicality. We are tending toward realism and idealism, democracy and republicanism, agnosticism and religion. There are tendencies and tendencies.

To our inventory of tendencies, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in a recent *Harper's*, gives another which is quite unique, in "the disposition of people to shift labor on to others' shoulders." There seems in truth to be just so much need of good old Parson Dale's sermons, preached at you on bearing one another's burdens nowadays, as when Bulwer wrote "My Novel." But Mr. Warner gives us the

shifting of the burden, bedight in the fripperies and flounces of modern dress. "If we wish to know anything," he tells us, "instead of digging for it ourselves, it is much easier to flock all together to some lecturer, who has put all the results in an hour, and perhaps can throw them upon a screen, so that we can acquire all we want by merely using the eyes and bothering ourselves little about what is said. The idea seems to be contained in the modern word "conveniences."

Visit the student in his study and you will find him, perhaps, reclining in his "book-rested" chair, his slippers feet poised on an ottoman, and with the look of perfect content as the fumes from his cigar rise in weird and fantastic shapes. But it is not to be supposed that modern ingenuity is satisfied in inventing book-rests and paper-weights for mere bodily convenience. For lying about in harmless confusion are books of various intents and purposes. Reviews, commentaries and translations are such valuable addenda to one's library effects. It is so pleasant and easy to be a receptacle for some one's else thoughts. Like a water-tank, it is so "convenient," without exertion, to receive the mental flow from somebody's else force-pump. It is royal, in fact, to let another do the work, while I receive the benefit. But, then, my task is not so easy after all. It is not such an easy thing to remain a whole hour regularly in this tub attitude in order to catch the writer's or lecturer's reflections; nor, moreover, is it easy to keep them from leaking out after I have thus caught them. The first objection can, however, be overcome. If it is true that the sermons of certain divines are carried over a telephone wire, with a phonograph attachment, so that a member can hear a sermon and worship God by telephone, why can't such an arrangement be fixed between the class-rooms and my dormitory? Nor, again, am I obliged to retain the reflections I have mechanically received, unless, indeed, it be caused by thoughts of a prospective examination.

At the last clause the student sighed, and here we come to the fundamental difference when we attempt to apply Mr. Warner's tendency to college life. Clubs and literary circles are formed, he tells us, and "we sit around for a month or a season expecting somehow to take the information by effortless contiguity with it. Let these clubs introduce into their curriculum an occasional examination, and thriftless effort will as speedily disappear as dew before the rising sun, that is, if the club is not evaporated along with this other quality. And let the college student adopt the policy of acquiring by "effortless contiguity" or merely "using his eyes without his brains when the lecture is thrown upon the screen," and when the menacing clouds of examination are lowering above his head, he will hear in the music of the elements a requiem—a solemn requiem over his consignment to ex-collegiate life. The examination is the great corrector, where every man stands on his own merits, where ignorance and brilliancy alike disclose themselves, and where thinking by proxy is not allowed.

But the writer regards this reliance upon others as still crude, and looks first at Psychology to show how a congregate education by clubs may yet be the way, and then casts a hopeful eye toward the already overworked slot machine that will turn out "a good business education" or an "interpretation of Browning," and so on. He seems to prefer aid from mechanical quarters. And there are many advantages, no doubt, in having the thinking done by a thoroughly honest and reliable machine that is dumb and tells no tales, over an animated private secretary who is also our "private thinker." The late Henry Ward Beecher invented, in imagination, the "thoughtotype," an instrument to be worn in the hat, and to record our every thought and fancy by day and dream by night. But a machine that will turn out thoughts ready-made is an undoubted advance, and would find a wide market open to it. It would be of especial advantage to that class of persons of whom it was said that "They have their thinking like their washing—*done out*."

Harry Franklin Covington.

THE BEST.

Thus wrote the Arab: "Death is rest.
Silent its lips; it makes no boast—
Calms the loud heart and smoothes away
The careworn wrinkles of the day;
Best gift of Allah! hated most,
I, Haroun, say it is the best!"

JESSE L. WILLIAMS.

EDITORIAL.

WE EXTEND our thanks to Profs. West and Westcott and Mr. Speer for acting as judges in the Washington's Birthday contest. The LIT. medal was awarded to Alexander McGaffin, '93, of Ireland.

"MATERIAL" AND THE SEMINARY.

PRINCETON has reached a point where, if she is to hold her place, all the "material" in reach must be utilized. In view of this fact, it is surprising that the Seminary has been left almost entirely alone. It has in it about one hundred and seventy-five men, nearly all college graduates, many of them men of powerful physique and some of them of considerable athletic ability. When a graduate of the college goes to the Seminary he is kept hold of, but there is no systematic effort to get new men out. Occasionally, through a personal friend, some man is brought to the notice of the managements, but this is the utmost ever done. Last fall the 'Varsity Glee Club was in straits for first tenor, while the first tenor of the Williams' quartette was in the Seminary and never discovered. There are track men in the Seminary to-day who should be put into training for the Mott Haven team. In the fall, it would pay to start the players coach from "Old Sem.," in order to induce promising men to try for positions on the eleven. Harvard and Yale use their professional schools, and it is difficult to see why Princeton, with so large a body of reliable and fully developed men, has made no use of them.

THE NEW DORMITORY RULES.

THE announcement of the new Dormitory rules has been received with universal dissatisfaction. This is largely due, of course, to the great personal loss, running into the tens of thousands of dollars, which they inflict upon the men now in college. But beyond this and among men not personally interested there is a deep and sober feeling that a mistake has been made which will embarrass those who may try to persuade their friends to come to Princeton. It is to be regretted that the men who legislate on such matters come from the engrossing cares of professional and business life, and must learn what they can about the case and decide in a day. Legislation designed in the interest of the undergraduate body, would, doubtless, more certainly accomplish its purpose were it possible to ascertain the undergraduate point of view. It is also to be regretted that the students, those most vitally concerned, have no opportunity to express an opinion as to what would be for their own best interests. In such a purely regulative question as this the interest of the mass of the students is the interest of the college at large.

The question of room transfers is one of long standing. There are men in the faculty now who in their undergraduate days bought the "furniture" of a room, used it for several years and sold out at a slight advance. The increase in dormitory accommodations failed to keep pace with the increasing number of matriculations, and the inevitable law of supply and demand began to push up prices. The \$200 limit was designed to check this tendency. It was a Procrustean measure. A single room in Edwards whose furniture might be worth \$40, could be sold at a premium of \$160, while the commodious suites in Witherspoon, which could not possibly be properly furnished for \$200, must be sold for that sum. The actual cost of the furniture now in the central Witherspoon entries is in the neighborhood of

from \$400 to \$500 a suite, and some run over \$1,000. It may be urged that such an expenditure is a foolish extravagance. It is difficult to see, however, why wealthy men should not be allowed to live in college as they are accustomed to live at home. If it was seriously intended to enforce the doctrine of classical simplicity, it would have been more consistent to build dormitories capable of being furnished at a modest expenditure. Then men in love with ingrain carpets and hard chairs would not have their sense of the fitness of things outraged by seeing these articles of furniture adorning a spacious, high-ceiled, bow-windowed room. We leave to better casuists the discussion of the ethical problem involved in the evasion of the \$200 rule. What we do say is that it is not at all strange so remarkable a rule should come to be recognized as a dead letter and the evasion of it as the commonest of legal fictions.

The policy of the college during the last few years has been one of rapid expansion. An increasing number of electives has made the Academic course increasingly attractive. Post-graduate courses have multiplied; the school of science has been developing, and the electrical and chemical schools added. All these influences have produced a rush of men to Princeton, for which she was not altogether prepared, and many men have been kept away through the difficulty in securing accommodations. So far, Princeton has shown the invaluable characteristic of a Philadelphia street-car, where there is always room for one more, but in the last year or so the limit has been rapidly approached. The result has, of course, been to increase the bidders for college rooms and so run up prices, although the amount of such premiums has been greatly exaggerated.

It is at this point that the authorities have interposed with a rule that all room transfers shall cease. The purpose of such action could, of course, be nothing but the protection of students. As a matter of fact, it involves them in a greater financial loss, besides ignoring all personal preference as to location. Under the old system, a man in-

vested say \$500 in a room. He was perfectly safe in adding whatever furniture he desired, because he knew at the end of his course he could sell at about the original cost, plus the money he had spent on betterments. If he made no betterments, he would have had the use of several hundred dollars' worth of furniture for four years at the mere cost of interest on money invested. A party of friends could take an entry, or a man could chose the exact location he preferred.

Under the present plan, all personal preference is ruled out. A Freshman says he wants a \$60 room. He is then loaded with a number of his fellows in to the treasurer's shot-gun and fired at the dormitories. He may have heart disease and land on the fifth floor of East, or he may wish to develop his legs and find himself on the first floor of West. He finds a Senior in his room who has been there four years. The Senior wishes to sell his furniture. He cannot take his wall-paper away with him; it would cost more than his other furniture is worth to take it home, besides, he has no use for it there. As a result, he is completely at the mercy of the purchaser, and has the melancholy alternative of moving out or taking the Freshman's offer. The Freshman remembers this little experience, and will not put any money into his room which he can't afford to lose. The result will be a diminution in the comfort of college rooms without any compensating financial advantage.

It would seem to the undergraduates that the proper way and the only way to remove the difficulty is to remove the cause. The completion of Dod Hall put prices down fully twenty-five per cent., and each addition to the accommodations would have had a similar effect. It is, of course, much easier to say dormitories than to get them, but at the same time the securing of two magnificent dormitories in the last two years shows what we may reasonably hope for in the future. Paper legislation cannot make rooms, and so long as the supply is too small inconvenience must

result. We do not fail to appreciate the evils of the old system, but we affirm that they are inherent in conditions which have not been changed, and that the undergraduate will suffer more under the new system than he did under the old. If things had been left as they were and further expansion stopped until room could have been provided for men already here, the question would have settled itself. We do not for a moment question the purpose of the Trustees in their action, but at the same time cannot escape the conviction that a more conservative and patient policy would have produced better results. It is unfortunate that the old Princeton freedom should be infringed upon, and that a large number of men should leave college feeling that a sudden and radical change of front has involved them in financial loss at a time when they can least afford it.

PERSONALITIES IN COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

THE editor's table is a very fair index to the spirit prevailing at different American colleges. The hundred or more exchanges piled upon it each month bring with them glimpses of college life differing by the width of the whole heaven. The one most striking characteristic is in what we would call the "tone" of our various contemporaries. It is the misfortune of many of the smaller colleges and academies that one periodical must do the work of newspaper and jester, as well as cover the more important field of literature. And yet such a paper may, perhaps, all the better give expression to the spirit of the institution it represents. There are a number of neat magazines of this class which maintain a standard of literary excellence and a dignity that is in the highest degree creditable. But there are others which show a puerility and weak buffoonery, at once surprising and disgusting. The news column is necessary and is generally conducted in the true spirit of journalism, but with some exchanges it sinks to the level of a

village sewing circle. One column of "Locals" contains this refreshing bit of intelligence: "Armfield thinks 'side-locks' and mustaches are becoming quite fashionable. Right he is." We are not acquainted with Armfield or the nature of his "side-locks," but we feel sorry for the institution where a board of editors can be found to put such stuff into print. A western exchange hails us with the remark: "It is said that Wallace Grosvenor is now a man." It is not hard to imagine the vast amount of giggling (co-educational institution) and inane wit that will greet the redoubtable Grosvenor as a result of this paragraph. It would not be a bad idea for the editor of the column to follow the example of Wallace and be a man too.

Here is a delightful illustration of the easy familiarity existing between faculty and students in some of our "freshwater universities": "Prof. Comstock is very graceful upon the ice, but the frequency of the beautiful stars he cuts somewhat belies this statement." This reminds us of the "university" in Ohio, where the faculty play "bean-bags" after the regular business of their meetings is concluded.

College journalism has of late years been rising almost to the dignity of a profession, and such juvenile performances are discreditable not only to the college which countenances them but to the "guild" of college writers. It is a noticeable fact that some of the smaller colleges and schools are utterly free from this fault, while many more ambitious institutions, especially in the West, show a lack of maturity and of literary feeling of which a good preparatory school would be ashamed.

GOSSIP.

A friend's like a ship, when, with music and song,
 The tide of good fortune still speeds him along;
 But see him when the tempest hath left him a wreck,
 And any mean billow can batter his deck!
 Then give me the heart that true sympathy shows,
 And clings to a mes-mate, whatever wind blows;

* * * *

If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend
 Be the last to believe it—the first to defend.

—Swaine.

SOMEBODY has said "That talking with a friend is thinking out loud," and some one else said, "God save from my 'friends.'" Lamartine, I believe it was, who made the remark that "There is that kind of a man who rejoices at the downfall of his best 'friend.'" In these two latter quotations I have chosen to put the word 'friend' in those two little slurring quotation marks. What a word "friend" is. You may have a friend, unknown to you, in one you consider your enemy, or you may be a friend to a man who is willing to do you an injury. But when between two friends there is that sacred tie of friendship, what a different meaning and aspect the whole word has.

Who are your friends? In college, as elsewhere, a man is known by them, and generally judged by them, but they are of many kinds. There are the friends you want to help, and the friends you like to know, the friends you wait and walk home with from the club, the friends you call on in their rooms, the friends you play with, smoke with and drink with; the friends you are proud of and the friends of whom you are secretly ashamed.

Your friend is the man who knows you for what you really are, and whom you value for his own true worth; the others are merely pleasant acquaintances, whose company gives you pleasure or amusement as your mood depends. But let us stop! The Gossip is almost approaching the philosophical, and that will never do.

I love to go to alumni dinners, not only because I get a good dinner and hear more or less interesting speeches over good wine and cigars, but because it warms the cockles of a man's heart to look around and see the aftermath, the second reaping of a college life—what a pleasure it is to meet a man you really knew and valued and admired. He may have been a wild sort of a devil that had many faults, and yet there was that in him and between you two that made you friends; it is trust and confidence; you knew just what he would do if placed in such a position; you can count on him and he on you. And here you meet him for the first time since the old careless days when you lay around on the campus and borrowed tobacco from one another. The grasp you give him

is different from the hand-shake you gave Heavyweight, the man who stood head of your class when you said, "Well, old man, how are you?" and still different from the greeting bestowed on Mumm, who is still sowing his wild oats, and will probably never stop until he is gathered in with his crop by the old man with the scythe and hour-glass. The grasp you give the man you really know means something; that "Sit down here, old man, and tell me what you have been doing with yourself" means still more; what is more delightful!

Perhaps you have not been separated; then you remember the time when he was so blue and looked so downhearted, and you wonder how any girl can be so hard on such a fine old chap; then when he blurts out all about it you give him lots of good advice, and envy him his happiness and grumble at yourself for being cut out for an "old batch."

But all this is looking ahead—not so long, however—and is in the future, but "the rule applies," for the present becomes the past before we know it, and we fly by the way-stations in life with hardly a stop, if we keep the track—bar accidents. Four years of college life almost ended, four years of what?—advancement, mistakes, ambitions—fulfilled or otherwise—regrets, perhaps happiness, knowledge gained, chances lost, positions won, tastes formed, impulses given; success, failure or defeat, or merely tossed up at the end as a wave leaves a bit of driftwood on the sand. Our life here is almost "sere and yellow leaf"—what a misapplied quotation—but the little world is nearly over for us, and we have to go out to be judged and given our places in life by a less proscribed society, or else equipped with the arms we have been taught to wield, stand, fight or fall, according to our merits. Some of us may win our spurs at first and fulfil our heart's desire, while others may struggle against odds too much for them; our piece of driftwood, dried by experience and ignited by responsibility, may become a torch, whose light may help others onward in their way, or prove to be valuable material, which, carved and polished, would ornament society.

One thing we do carry with us in our friendships, our goodfellowships and our deep-rooted loyalty to Old Nassau, a pride in her name and a love for her traditions; which, in every true Princeton man, is called the "spirit" of our Alma Mater.

When we join in our way of singing "Auld Lang Syne" every night—when it doesn't rain—on the steps of old North, let us imbibe the feeling that every class has held and "Tune every heart and every voice,"—but you all know the rest, and I am sure will sing it (in every key) before long, and with a hearty good-will. Then when we follow the German band into the white church next the Dean's, we will be united—and perhaps keep step—together, as we should always be and should always do.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Now I am in a holiday humour."

"Time for work,—yet take
Much holiday for art and friendship's sake."

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

AS a nation we Americans have not been very fond of holidays, at least we have not made many. European peoples have their national holidays and their saints' days by the score; the veriest trifles serve them as excuses for the making of a holiday. We, the great conglomerate people, have been slow in following the Old World's example. We have no state church to canonize our heroes for us, though we have as brave a St. George as has England herself. But we are beginning to add to our list of holidays. Memorial Day is a fixture; Labor Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Emancipation Day and Arbor Day are some of the new names we hear in different parts of the land. Some localities have their favorite holidays, and Princeton, small place though it is, has ventured to assert its preference. I don't mean Thanksgiving Day. That is a day we underscore in the calendar, 'tis true, but we share it with another college, too often, alas! furnishing to our friends, the enemy, the wherewithal to celebrate. No, Princeton's holiday comes in February. True to her historic patriotism Princeton takes delight in making a *réveillon* of the birthday of a certain George Washington who took "first group" in three subjects and was thereupon honored with the degree of LL. D. by Princeton College. The Table has not yet recovered from the holiday last week; it is so hard to go back to the arduous work of systematic loafing after such a day as that. According to tradition the last ebullitions of under-class rivalry began to find vent in the early hours of the morning—such early hours that the Table is not able to tell as an eyewitness of the Homeric deeds that were done. The real pleasure of the day was brought by the early trains from New York and Philadelphia and the pleasure stayed with us all day. Such girls! There was one beautiful creature with black hair, bright, happy eyes and glowing cheeks—but I refrain. The Table has no right to talk; he didn't bring a girl. The Old Chapel never before held such a throng as crowded in that morning. The cheers and the singing, the jibes and the laughter were so incessant that the poor orchestra rendered its numbers unheard. "Wasn't the Senior orator funny?" some one asked her escort as they passed the Table after it was all over. "Funny!" replied the fellow who was one of the "roasted," "he wasn't a bit funny," and the Table whispered "Amen." Then in the afternoon the athletic meeting in the

Gym. How the visitors enjoy the displays of strength and skill! How the old walls ring with the applause as a record is broken! See that pretty Evelyn girl in the front row shudder and turn away as the Prince of the Gymnasts swings to and fro on the high trapeze! And in the evening—but here the Gossip man looked over my shoulder and remarked that I was stealing his thunder, that the Table had no business to talk about anything but books and magazines. Well, perhaps I have broken the rules, but books are so very dry just after Washington's Birthday.

The complete novel in the March *Lippincott's* is written by Frederic S. Cozzens. It is called "The Sound of a Voice; or, The Song of the Débardeur," and as the sub-title suggests, it has a French setting. The story has much pathos and some power. We have another installment of the "Round Robin Talk." Paul du Chaillu is one of the new talkers. Walt Whitman contributes some verses and some reminiscences, and is the subject of a paper by Horace L. Traubel. Agnes Repplier contributes one of her bright, sketchy essays. It is called "Three Famous Old Maids."

In the *Cosmopolitan* for March the opening article, "Beauty on the French Stage," is particularly noticeable for the illustrations. "In Darkest America," by Joseph P. Reed, tells us some things about the Indians. "Professor Ezekiel Harkinson's Plan" is a quite long story, of a type of which we are thoroughly tired. "The Story of a War Correspondent's Life" is decidedly the best thing in the number. Frederic Villiers has what is ever a great advantage; he writes as "one who's been there." "Labor Unions and Strikes in Ancient Rome," by G. A. Danziger, is mildly amusing.

The March *Outing*, in the article on "The St. Bernard Dog," introduces us to the world-renowned champion Sir Bedivere and seven of his rivals. "How England Trains Her Redcoats" makes a very readable subject. Capt. M. Roosevelt Schuyler speaks with authority in his paper on the "Evolution in Yacht Building." Among other interesting things that Robert F. Walsh tells us in "The Sports of an Irish Fair" he tries to show us the origin of the game of base-ball. "Round a Canoeists' Winter Camp Fire" is cheering and bracing. Many college men will read carefully Prof. Austin's admirably illustrated paper on "A Bout with the Gloves."

The frontispiece for the *Magazine of Art* for March is an etching after Ludwig Knaus, called "Hunger Hath No Ears," representing a boy eating an apple and holding a squalling baby in his arms at the same time. The opening article, "Current Art," by the great critic, Frederick Wedmore, is appropriately illustrated. The second and concluding paper on "Portraits of John Ruskin," is published in this number. The portraits are all made within a period of five years, but are remarkable for their unlikeness. "The Use of Metal in Bound Books," is an interesting article on an unusual subject.

The first thing that meets the eye as we open the March *Scribner's* is "Our March with a Starving Column," by A. J. Mounteney Jephson. It is another story of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and is in some respects more exciting than those that have gone before. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson contributes a story called "The Half-White." It is another leper story, but it is strong without being repulsive. "London and American Clubs," by E. S. Nadal, is an interesting paper. Sir Edwin Arnold's fourth paper on "Japonica" is decidedly the most interesting thus far. We are always glad to see a story by Richard Harding Davis, from whose pen comes "The Other Woman" in this number.

In the *Century* for March, A. R. MacDonough contributes a charmingly written paper on "The Century Club." It gives us an inside view of a club that America can well be proud of. In "The Memoirs of Talleyrand" we see a great deal of Napoleon and we are given the details of his famous divorce case, the event from which many people date the decline of his power. Edith Robinson's story, "Penhallow," is intolerably ghastly, and in execution is beneath the *Century's* standard. There are five more articles treating of pioneer days in California. Edgar Fawcett's "Aux Invalides" is the best verse of the number.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, for March, we find an appreciative but impartial paper on "Richard Grant White," by Francis P. Church. Francis Parkman writes an interesting chapter of Colonial history in the "Capture of Louisbourg by the New England Militia." George E. Howard's article on "The State University in America," should get a careful reading from college men. Princeton University is represented in this number by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, who contributes an able paper on "The Present Problem of Heredity," a subject which he has diligently studied. We read with interest Prof. Hart's article on "The Speaker as Premier," in which he traces the gradual growth in the importance of the Speaker's office, and ventures a forecast for the future. In the "Contributors' Club," "The Right to be Let Alone" is especially good.

The Table once heard a student in a big, made-to-order university sneer at the old colleges for their love of tradition and their pride in the past. He said that the new college, unhampered by a history, made more rapid progress. We did not dispute the statement because we knew that ideas of progress differ, so we continued to be a little proud of the antiquity of Princeton. We have found some satisfaction, also, in the age of our magazine, with its continued existence since 1842. Alas! the pride had its fall with proverbial celerity. The other day we happened to see in an exchange from a small Western college, a full-page advertisement, setting forth in large type, that it was "established 1853; with exception of *Yale Literary Magazine*, the Oldest College Paper in America." Established in 1853, and does not know that the *NASSAU LIT.* is eleven years its senior. We must assert ourselves, or the next thing we will be accused of the follies of youth.

The February number of the *Vassar Miscellany* is much better than those that have gone before. The opening article, entitled "A Sketch," is excellent. Its beauty is in its naturalness. The writer surely must have talked with that Southern woman whose boy was killed at Shiloh. The magazine has more verse than usual. Of the bundle of "Valentines," "St. Valentine's Eve" is the best. "In August" is a strong, simple story of a man and wife, Norwegians, who had found a home in the New World and there, in the pursuit of wealth, forgot their duty to their neighbors. It is the story of their awakening. "The Life of Henry D. Thoreau" is studied with a view to answering the question "Did it Pay?" The writer admires Thoreau more than we do, and reaches some conclusions with which we cannot agree. The Exchange Editor of the *Misc.* is the most conscientious reviewer in college editorial circles. In this number she makes some pertinent remarks about the methods of various exchange editors, and the function of their department. We confess, dear *Misc.*, that we have erred, and really, we would reform if the end of our work were not so near at hand. The fault of the *Misc.* lies in the want of proportion between the Literary Department and the rest of the magazine.

We make some selections from the verse of the month :

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

Sweet music stole into my dreams,
And my full heart strained long
Lest it should lose one note so pure,
One throb of that sweet song.

The song grew soon to stronger tone,
Though still in dreams I heard;
And straight I knew 'twas from your hand,
By your sweet art so stirred.

Yet still I felt,—a pure the strain,
All mortal art above—
That some fair god or goddess born
Had framed that song of love.

Thus sank the notes to whisper sweet,
To tell to me alone
That Venus' son attuned the strain,
And love and thou art one.

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

A DREAM FACE.

Once more I seem to gaze upon thy brow,
Madonna! There on that cliff where erst
We twain have stood, and seen the white stars burst,
Through fleecy clouds turned by the sunset's glow
To golden flocks; I see thee standing now.
I see within thy calm eyes' crystal deeps
Once more the soft, strong, subtle flame that leaps,
Showing the sudden soul; and then I bow
In awe, my spirit at thy purity.

Arbutus' buds and blowing violet beds
 Yield up their breath as incense unto thee,
 And thy dear beauty, that on all flowers sheds
 Light, pure and sweet as is thy charity.
 Ah! thy form fades ; thine eyes will never flee.

—*Virginia University Magazine.*

REGRET.

She passed through the meadows at sunrise,—

I followed her flying feet :

A lark from the blue of the heavens

Sent greetings my love to greet.

Her path as a queen was on purple,

So joyous the violets ran,

But I was the blindest of mortals

Since ever the world began.

We entered the wheat-field together,

The harvest was ample and fair;

She gathered the crimson of poppies,

To bind in the silk of her hair,

I caring for nothing but treasures,—

The gold of the plentiful wheat,—

Went crushing the delicate blossoms

That jeweled the print of her feet.

So she passed, while I lingered still groping

For ingots to add to my store,

She passed as a breath of the morning

That noontide can never restore.

When the lark in the heavens grew silent,

I searched for my darling in vain ;

I had but a handful of treasure

That we grieved as a mountain of pain.

—*Queen's College Journal.*

LOST LOVE.

In my heart, a silent chamber,

No one dwelt there,

No one enters,

From the walls, the busy spiders drop and spin their webs of gauze,

Watch and weave in vain endeavor,

Weak and dying fall forever ;

While the gray dust sifts and settles all along the barren floors.

Once, it was the scene of splendor,

Light and gladness,

Joy and glory,

There my princess dwelt in beauty never seen on earth before,

And the candles by the fire

Leapt and quivered with desire,

Joy that she should look upon them, longed to feel her presence more.

By the ancient, carven portal,

Hangs the key now,

Rusted, broken ;

And across the bare gaunt windows, stretch the curtains ; old and thin,

Time has dimmed, and moths have eaten,

Winter storms have tossed and beaten :

In my chamber, silence, darkness ; sunshine may not enter in.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

FRANCIS WAYLAND. BY JAMES O. MURRAY. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Dean Murray is the author of this the latest addition to the series of "American Religious Leaders." One who translates "religious leader" as "theologian," and, in fear of a dry subject, fails to read this biography, will miss a great deal. Francis Wayland was something more than a preacher; he was an educator of the highest rank, and a patriot who stood high in the esteem of his fellow-citizens of the State of Rhode Island. It seems to have been a labor of love for Dr. Murray to tell the life-story of his revered teacher—the famous President of his *Alma Mater*, Brown University. He first sketches Dr. Wayland's life as student, tutor, preacher and college president, and then in the succeeding chapters gives an appreciative study of his subject as an educator, an author, a preacher and as a philanthropist and citizen. In boyhood, Dr. Wayland was taught in the rigid, unsatisfactory fashion of the day, and learned how *not* to teach. Later he had more able and sympathetic instructors who left their mark upon him. He entered Andover Theological Seminary, but was compelled, by pecuniary difficulties, to leave at the end of the first year. For four years he was a tutor in Union College, and there showed his ability and secured his reputation as a teacher. For five years he was pastor of a Baptist Church in Boston. During this time he delivered some sermons of marked power, notably his Missionary Discourse, which was directed against the apathy and hostility of the day toward missions, and had great influence in America and in Europe; and two sermons on the "Duties of an American Citizen," which prove his intelligent patriotism. He was next called to a professorship in Union College, but was almost immediately elected President of Brown University, and here his great work was done. He set about reforming the management of the university, and soon demonstrated his ability as an organizer. He was almost an ideal college president, being an able executive, a successful and untiring teacher, and one in close sympathy with his associates of the Faculty and with the students. He had liberal views on methods of education, which he set forth in various treatises. To him, more than any other, we owe our system of electives. Like most college presidents, he was greatly hampered in his work by lack of funds. After twenty-nine years of faithful work, he resigned and retired to private life. What impresses us most strongly is Dr. Wayland's staunch patriotism. After a long sojourn in England, he writes in his diary: "I know not how it is, but all I see renders me more doggedly a Democrat and a Puritan." He was an

uncompromising opponent of the fugitive slave law, and when the war came on he was prominent in the work of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Dr. Murray rightly finds the crown of his career as a citizen of Rhode Island, in the people of Providence seeking him in his retirement to hear words of comfort and hope in the dark hour after the assassination of Lincoln.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL ECONOMICS. BY GEORGE GUNTON.
\$1.75. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Mr. Gunton's book gives evidence of much careful thought and diligent examination of facts. He proclaims himself an inductive economist. That interests us at once, but his work proves to be unscientific, in that he writes with a purpose. His purpose is to show that in the welfare of the laborer is found the welfare of the whole. Starting with the well-established fact of the relation between the laborer's standard of living and the rate of wages, he argues for the increase of wages in order to raise the laborer's habit of life and thus increase his power of consumption and enlarge the market for the products of industry. His law of wages is, "That wages tend to move towards the cost of furnishing the most expensive portion of the necessary supply of labor-power in any given market." This is all very well, but he does not show clearly how the rise in wages is to be brought about. He seems to expect the capitalist to see the policy of paying the laborer more wages so that he will have more to spend. But as long as the capitalist sees in the reduction of the supply, by means of the "trust," a more sure and simple way of getting his profit, he is not likely to adopt Mr. Gunton's method of increasing the demand. We beg Mr. Gunton's pardon for the use of the two words "supply" and "demand" in discussing his theory; he rejects the familiar law of supply and demand. Realizing the vulnerability of the orthodox school on the one hand and fearing the menacing socialism on the other, the author seeks a safe middle ground. He shocks us by calling *laissez faire* and *socialism* "unscientific theories;" we always thought those theories were thoroughly scientific if nothing else. The first part of this book, entitled "The Principles of Social Progress," is an interesting and impartial view of industrial history. In Part II., "The Principles of Economic Production," the chapters on Wealth and on Money are the most valuable and most likely to be generally accepted. In discussing the Principles of Economic Distribution, he enters the lists with varying success against almost all accepted theories. In conclusion, he considers the Principles of Practical Statesmanship. He advocates a protective, but rejects the paternal system of government. He rejects the organic theory of the state, favors a protective tariff, shows the value of indirect taxation, and examines the subject of business depressions. Perhaps the most valuable chapters in the book are those on the Combination of Capital and on the Combination of Labor. He is the earnest advocate of both. Mr. Gunton's work, as a whole, is decidedly

original, and is an interesting attempt to solve the great problem of the day. It is his misfortune that he writes in a period of transitional thought, in which no work of any permanence can be expected to arise.

LETTERS OF PHILIP DORMER, FOURTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, TO HIS GODSON AND SUCCESSOR. NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE ORIGINALS, WITH A MEMOIR OF LORD CHESTERFIELD, BY THE EARL OF CARNARVON. 2 VOL. \$2.00. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Well called "Nuggets" is this series from the Knickerbocker press. These perfect specimens of the bookmakers' art must bring joy to the hearts of many a *bibliophile*. There is but one adjective to be applied to such a book, and that adjective is "exquisite." So much for the dress. The reading matter of these volumes is scarcely less attractive. The letters themselves compare favorably with some letters that we have come to regard as classic models of epistolary literature. They give us some insight into the character of the famous writer, and of the interesting age in which he lived. The advice given by the accomplished man of the world is quaint and characteristic. We are given one letter in *fac-simile* of Lord Chesterfield's handwriting, and it proves him a better penman than most great men. We say "great men" advisedly; for after reading Lord Carnarvon's Memoir of Lord Chesterfield, we have revised some of our opinions, and have come to the conclusion that Lord Chesterfield was a great man. He was something of a philosopher and more of a statesman. He had a remarkable knowledge of men and affairs. Almost forty years before the French Revolution he wrote, after a sojourn in Paris, "All the symptoms which I ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France." It is time that the world should have a more lofty notion of Lord Chesterfield than that of a mere dandy of more than ordinary polish.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

We are glad to welcome a new and low-priced edition of the celebrated "Biglow Papers." This volume contains both the original series. The editor, Rev. Homer Wilbur, takes great care, in profuse and carefully-selected language, to set forth the occasion of the composition of each, and to explain the underlying purpose. The introduction to the first series is well calculated to put the reader in a happy, jovial frame of mind. Mr. Wilbur, a name that no longer conceals James Russell Lowell, is himself somewhat of a versifier, and he interpolates a production of his own, after commenting upon Hosea Biglow's poems. The title page is not large enough to contain all the titles which the ambitious dominie possesses and hopes to possess, among which is a degree from *Collegia*

Neo-Cesarensis. The arrangement of the various parts of this volume is unique and striking. Mr. Lowell minglest excellent prose, "Latin specimens," and provincial poetry in a delightful way. And there is a distinctive Yankee flavor to them all that makes them inviting. Many of these verses, of course, are familiar to all by this time. We have read with keen pleasure for years "what Mr. Robinson thinks," till the refrain,

" John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.,"

has become as well known as our childhood rhymes. Hosea Bigelow's account of the "Debate in the Sennit" has excited our risibilities more than once, as after each elucidation of Calhoun's view, he chimes in with

" Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he :
' Human rights halnt no more
Right to come on this floor
No more'n the man in the moon,' sez he."

The edition of James Russell Lowell's works, of which the present volume is a specimen, has already met with so many laudatory comments, that more seems superfluous. It is attractive, well bound and of excellent proportions for easy handling.

Although the Biglow Papers came into being in a critical period of the nation's history, and served with their quaint, but pointed, humor to put things in a true light, they did not have a mere transient worth. They are of value to us of another generation, who wish to know something of the temper of the time in which they were writen.

THE VIKINGS IN WESTERN CHRISTENDOM, A. D. 789 TO A. D. 888. By C. F. KEARY, M. A., F. S. A. \$2.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.)

The present volume does not discuss the origin or primeval developments of the Scandinavian races. It takes up the story of the Viking wanderings and their settlements in various portions of Europe, showing their circuitous paths and stormy voyages. Moreover, the author deals not with the Scandinavian peoples, after they had become fixed in abodes and had assumed the characteristics of nationality, but while they are still in their plastic formative stages, where every insignificant influence of external creation has its due and important effect upon their character. Their history from its beginning is fascinating and instructive, peculiarly to Anglo-Saxon races, for we are aware that but for the invasion and successes of the Conqueror, England could never have reached its present position of intellectual, constitutional and commercial eminence. So that in tracing, as Mr. Keary does, the growth of Norman institutions and sentiments during the century of their greatest expansion, we are but revealing some of the basal principles of English

institutions, and thereby pre-determining the channel of English progress.

Mr. Keary is elaborate in his details. He not only characterizes the race generally but enters into the particulars of domestic life, of religious rites and mysteries, of social environments, of political and legal administration. Then he follows them into their new homes, founds their states, and views them at peace with neighboring tribes and communities. Brittany, Sicily, Italy, Sardinia and other settlements of the Vikings are historically and geographically treated. Not the least valuable contribution of Mr. Keary in this work is his full and comprehensive discussion of the condition and features of Christendom in its entirety. The relation of Catholicism to the incipient nations of Europe, the growth of monasticism and its special application to Ireland are elucidated by the author with great vigor. So many curious historic incidents, so many profoundly interesting relics abound in the volume that we are amazed at the immense research which they indicate. The value of the book is historic. A period of European history is covered which has proved one of the pivotal points in all the world's records. The value is likewise ecclesiastical. Here are conceived, developed and confirmed some of the church's foundation doctrines. By recording and expounding these, especially in their relation to the growth of nationalities, Mr. Keary has provided us with an accurate and adequate account of the struggle between church and state whose inception he intimates. We commend particularly his last chapter on the "Creed of Christendom," in which he demonstrates not only the significance of the times, but his own philosophical ability to understand and express it. The author of "The Origin of History" has lost not a whit of his old lucidity and energy, which made his former attempt so valuable.

PERICLES AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS. BY EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A. \$1.50. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume is the third in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, from the Knickerbocker Press. The sketch of the age of Pericles is divided into two parts. In the first and larger part is traced the growth of the Athenian empire and the causes which alienated Athens and Sparta; in the second, a brief account is given of the government, the art and literature, the society and manners of Periclean Athens. Mr. Abbott has presented an estimate of Pericles as a practical statesman widely differing from that of Grote and Curtius. "It is," he says, "so far as I can judge, impossible to deny that he destroyed a form of government under which his city attained to the height of her prosperity, and that he plunged her into a hopeless and demoralizing war. These are not the achievements of a great statesman." It is scarcely just to Pericles, however, to regard him as the only political factor operative during his time, and the

misfortunes of Athens should rather be traced to causes inherent in the very condition of things and which no statesmanship could overrule. It is the glory of Pericles that he of all men understood his times and endeavored to guide Athens through an inevitable crisis. That he made some serious mistakes is certain, but we can better estimate his statesmanship by thinking what Athens would have been without him. When Mr. Abbott comes to treat of the high ideals cherished by Pericles and the inspiration to culture and nobility which his character gave to the Athenians, he leads us into the centre of Greek life and thought, and his pages bring back the real spirit of that Golden Age.

HEGEL'S LOGIC. A BOOK ON THE GENESIS OF THE CATEGORIES OF THE MIND. A CRITICAL EXPOSITION. BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL.D. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & COMPANY.)

Hegel is the master spirit of modern thought. His puzzling terminology, as well as the inherent difficulties of his system, make his writings the hardest reading in metaphysics, and yet the thought processes which he elaborated and actual results he reached have immeasurably enriched the world's thinking, and are unconsciously enjoyed by many men who repudiate their author. His vast and persistent intellect set before itself no less problem than the systematizing of all that is true into one organic whole, and however we may be inclined to criticise his scheme, it is a mine of wealth for men who think in any department. His logic is part of the great plan. Its object is not to develop a science of discursive reason; it is to unfold the dialectic of reason—the inner movement of man's thinking intelligence. Dr. Harris has made an exposition of the work, partly critical and mainly with a view to assist the Hegelian neophyte. He brings to his task the results of thirty years' careful study of the great master, and assists his reader over the obstacles which he has himself encountered. His style is simple and clear—a wonderful relief to those who have attempted to follow Hegel through the intricacies of a German paragraph.

IN THE CHEERING-UP BUSINESS. BY MARY CATHERINE LEE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

The constant reader of novels knows the various species at sight—the English novel with its prosy lordlings, forever going a-hunting; the French novel with its fondness for the *demi-monde*; the Western novel with its breezy characters and startling situations; and last, but not less individual, the New England novel, charming in its portrayal of quaint and homely people. The story before us is a good specimen of the New England novel. It is as clean and wholesome as a breath from the sea. The title is eminently appropriate, for it is the story of a girl whose duty in life seems to be the bringing of cheer into cheerless lives. And some pretty difficult subjects she was given too! That intolerable Aunt Maria

was almost enough to drive her out of the business. But sweet Marion Kenneth was one of the sort that it is a pleasure to serve. There is one decidedly novel situation. Marion Kenneth has been very ill and a new doctor is brought from the city. Marion and the doctor became evidently very much attached to each other. Rebecca watches the singular love affair with much interest, but is decidedly surprised when the doctor reveals himself as Marion's long-lost father. The merit of the book lies in the character-drawing. There are no psychological studies; we simply see the people as they are. In this day of discussion of woman's rights, and the opening up of new lines of work for women it might be well if more attention were paid to the old-fashioned but ever-called for "cheering-up business."

THE DEATH PENALTY. BY ANDREW J. PALM. \$1.25. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

On the title page of this book we find a sentence from Wilberforce: "To shorten a human life is to put in jeopardy a human soul." This gives but little idea of the argument of the book. We confess that we took it up prejudiced in favor of capital punishment, and more than half expected to find it a mere tissue of namby-pamby sentimentalism. Instead of this, Mr. Palm has made a well wrought out and convincing argument. He appeals to a common-sense view of right and wrong, and excels in the illustration of his points by facts. He discusses the question of heredity as affecting man's moral responsibility; annihilates the appeal to the Scriptures in behalf of the death penalty; shows the inconsistencies and dangers of the jury system, especially in murder cases; gives numerous examples of conviction of the innocent and the insane; declares that a State, in making war and training soldiers, familiarizes its citizens with the shedding of blood; explains the general detestation of the executioner; shows that fear of the death penalty has little effect in deterring from crime, and cites examples of States which have abolished capital punishment, and in which, though the number of murders has not increased, the proportionate number of convictions has been greatly raised. The chapter on "Opinions of Some Noted Men" is a valuable addition to an argument whose force we have been unable to show in merely outlining it. Mr. Palm has marred his work by very evident dislike of the ministerial profession, and the additional chapter on "War" is irrelevant and extreme, and might well have been omitted. The author has the advantage of writing a book on an important subject which has hitherto been discussed in a desultory way. We have seen no recent book that deserves a more careful reading than this one.

A LITERARY MANUAL OF FOREIGN QUOTATIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM AMERICAN AND ENGLISH AUTHORS, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES. COMPILED BY JOHN DEVOE BELTON. \$1.50. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume is distinguished from the ordinary Dictionary of Foreign Quotations in three important respects. First. It is a selection of quotations which have been used or referred to by modern writers, and only those are given which have a distinct literary flavor. Second. The quotations are, as a general rule, followed by extracts from modern authors in which they are used. Third. The origin of the quotation is, when necessary, explained and the context of the author set forth. The result is a book of the utmost service to the general reader as well as to the writer who wishes to fix some vaguely recalled phrase. In his compilation, Mr. Belton has shown rare judgment as well as extensive scholarship.

ENGLISH PROSE, FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. BY JAMES M. GARNETT. \$1.50. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

This is a collection of selections from the works of the most eminent writers of this period of three hundred years. It is intended for use as a text-book supplementary to critical treatises on the literature of this formative period of Modern English, and as such is worthy of a wide reception. The writings of thirty-three authors have been drawn upon, and the choice seems to have been made with the best of judgment. The selections are of sufficient length to give the student a succinct idea of the merits of that particular author, and, in special instances, it may be, to draw him on to look at greater length into the works themselves. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent, and, altogether, it makes a very presentable volume, eminently fitting in every way to find a place on the shelves of every collegiate student.

VAGABOND VERSES. BY HENRY AUSTIN. (BOSTON: J. STILMAN SMITH & CO.)

These seem the favored days of poets. Verses from old and young, from the experienced and the novitiate, flood the field of current literature. Perhaps it is an indication of greater freedom and deeper sentiment in literary life; perhaps it is a proof of the lighter and more generous spirit which the hard and practical realities of a former generation have begotten. In a few select poems the recollections of the author of "Vagabond Verses" find expression. "Face to Face" is a patriot's contrast of the Rameses of Egyptian story and Lincoln, the slaves' best friend. The warlike strains in "Fredericksburg, '62," speak distinctly of his martial spirit. "Twas the grandest war that ever was known." Two longer poems show that he can sustain his thought and rhythmic

ardor, "The Marriage of Death" and "Sappho." But his greatest power lies in the scattered verses upon which we dwell. It takes him only four lines to express two of the noblest, richest, most enduring thoughts of earth:

"Though, like the sacred lights above,
May shine the poet's golden name,
One lit hour of simple love
Outweighs a million years of fame."

The poet once or twice assumes a humorous character and describes "A Boston Serenade." Or the subject of his song is "One of the Lowly," a girl in the candy store. But this is a transient and momentary digression. The key-note of his music is love, intense and intensified. We linger longest over his "Bohemian Days," for the gentle sadness, for the pleasing remembrances, for the anxious hope, that it has to give us. It is not all praise, however, that is to be bestowed upon these verses. The writer commits some grievous errors that not even the "poet's license" will warrant. "Jealousied" is an example of the risks he is willing to take.

PAINTING IN OIL, A MANUAL FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS

By M. LOUISE McLAUGHLIN. CLOTH, \$1.00. (CINCINNATI: ROBERT CLARK & CO.)

The last few years have witnessed a revolution in the methods of painting. The school of the Impressionists, despite its occasional extravagances, has exercised an influence decidedly valuable. The smooth finish and tedious detail of former days have yielded to broader conceptions. Effects are studied as a whole, and things are seen in masses of light and shade. The object of the present volume is to initiate the beginner in the principles of the new technique. It gives a lucid statement of the scientific theories and facts relative to colors, treating the whole subject broadly as well as technically. The neat and tasteful dress of the book is a pleasant introduction to its clearly-written pages.

EVERY-DAY ETIQUETTE, A MANUAL OF GOOD MANNERS.

By LOUISE FISKE BRYSON. 75c.; gilt, \$1.00. (NEW YORK: W. D. KERR.)

This class of books seems to be gaining a certain position of educational importance to "the masses," commonly so called, and their influence is to be viewed with distrust from the fact that their too ready acceptance would tend to automatize the action of their devotees. It still remains the fact, however, that we Americans are the most ill-mannered and uncultured nation on the face of the globe, and since "manner maketh the man," it is very evident that a remedy is needed. This little book, satisfying, as it does, the present insufficiencies of the *genus homo*, thereby obeys the law of supply and demand, leaving it to posterity to decide whether its particular mode of carrying on the campaign

is productive of the greatest good to the greatest number. The volume before us is of a handy and attractive form, and upon a close examination its contents have shown themselves to be in accordance with the refined sense of our more enlightened social centres. The author shows herself to be intimately acquainted with the workings of the thousand and one little involuntary conventionalities of life and has set them down in the form of laws of greater or less importance.

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS. EDITED BY THOMAS P. FENNER.
50C. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This is an enlarged and revised edition of the book published for the first time by Mr. Fenner sixteen years ago. The colored race is getting to despise these old tunes and songs as being part of a past condition of bondage, and it is therefore eminently fitting that they should be preserved in all their virgin purity for future generations to study. The editor of this volume says of them: "So strikingly original, as well as of such quaint, pathetic, even artistic beauty, are most of them, that they justify Edward Everett Hale's assertion, that they are 'the only American music.'" This volume has a frontispiece called "Hampton's Girdle Around the World." It is a reproduction from a photograph of Hampton students, representatives of seven very different nationalities. The typography of the book is of high order, and our only regret is that it is not bound in cloth.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. BY EDWIN J. HOUSTON, A.M. (PHILADELPHIA: ELDREDGE & BROTHER.)

The author of this book is a teacher of long experience in the Central High School of Philadelphia, and, as he knows the needs of a text-book, he is thus far qualified to write one. When the book was first issued, it met with immediate success, and it has been adopted in many schools. In this revised edition Prof. Houston has brought his book up to date by incorporating in it the latest additions to the science of physical geography. One feature of the book will appeal to every college man who has had much experience with examinations; that feature is the General Syllabus at the end of the book.

A CHILD'S ROMANCE. BY PIERRE LOTI. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MRS. CLARA BELL. 50C. (NEW YORK: W. S. GOTTSBERGER & Co.)

This is a decidedly unique work. M. Loti has a well-merited reputation as a novelist, his "Iceland Fisherman" being almost worthy of being called a classic, but now he takes a new path. It purports to be an autobiography, and its simplicity and naturalness warrant us in taking it as such. It is a bold man, however, that undertakes to look into the past and chronicle the thoughts and experiences of childhood.

The name of the book is well-chosen, for is not life a romance to every child whose nature is not cramped by poverty and hardship? As we read this book it seems very real, there are so many thoughts we ourselves have thought, so many experiences whose like we have had. Who will not sympathize with this boy in his devotion to his "museum," his scientific zeal in the chase for specimens, and his joy and pride over the capture of the "sulphur butterfly?" In his dedication to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, the author says: "It is almost too late in my life to undertake this book; a kind of night is already closing in on me. How can I find words fresh and young enough?" And again he says that he will try to put into it "all that was best in me at a time when, as yet, there was nothing very bad." "I shall end at an early stage, in order that love may find no place in it, excepting in the form of a vague romance," expresses the purpose to make it truly the romance of a *child's* life.

WAS IT LOVE? BY PAUL BOURGET. TRANSLATED BY COWDEN CURWEN.

50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO.)

Americans are reading a great deal of French fiction (in translations) at present, and the Worthington Company is issuing some excellent selections. "Was It Love?" is not the best of these, although it is not lacking in interest. M. Bourget uses a theme which, although often seen in real life, is, strangely enough, seldom found in fiction—a woman's affection for two men at the same time, and her difficulty in deciding which she really loves. The result of such duality is almost certainly duplicity, and in the book before us what was at first a romance deepens into a tragedy. Juliette de Tillière, a charming young widow, is secretly betrothed to Count Henry de Poyanne, a high-souled man of middle age. He is a leader of the Right in the Chamber of Deputies, and, while he is in the provinces contesting an election, his fiancée meets, through Madame de Candolle, a friend of match-making tendencies, Raymond Casal, a handsome, brilliant, wealthy man of the world, whose reputation is none of the best. Casal, for the first time in his thirty-six years, is honestly in love, and Juliette, until the Count's return, believes herself in love with him. The Count returns; the rivals fight a duel; Casal is wounded; de Poyanne believes Juliette loves Casal, and he goes to America, and the story ends abruptly, with Juliette's determination to leave Paris and Casal behind her.

CRIQUETTE. BY LUDOVIC HALÉVY. TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR D. HALL.

50c. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & CO.)

If there is one French novel written in the last decade that has become dear to the hearts of American readers, that novel is "The Abbé Constantin." In "Criquette" M. Halévy's characters are less novel and less ideal, and the plot and situations are more in accord with the pre-

vailing French type than in "The Abbé Constantin," but there is much of the same sweet simplicity of treatment. The characters are remarkably clear-cut. Criquette herself, brave, loving and loyal; the two lovers, Pascal and M. de Sérignan, both winning our admiration, to be forfeited by disappointing treachery in one case and strengthened by true nobility in the other; Madame Rosita, the generous but easy-going actress; and Mademoiselle Aurélie, the some-time waiting-maid, who retires from the actress' service with a fortune built up by peculations and shrewd management, and makes it the business of her after life to secure and maintain a reputation for exemplary respectability, are characters one will not easily forget. Poor Criquette! Having given her life for the faithful lover, while her heart is still loyal to the faithless one, she dies with the words: "To love you both—I could not! It is better so—yes; better so."